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REGISTER



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BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER

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— Stephan Showstark

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THE VISIT

YEAH, CHARLIE, I was right here through it all, the night they fried that guy . . . same cell, same walls, same me . . . except I'm two weeks older and a little more scared than I was before. I can still see every face, walkin' by the cell towards the white door and comin' back after the execution. Every word they said is like it was writ' on the wall, I can remember them so good . . . I remember how I wondered if they'd say the same things when my time came.

They were quite a bunch, I can tell ya, 'bout fourteen of 'em in all, guards, prison officials, reporters, medical examiners . . . all goin' to that poor slob's barbecue . . . hah, hah . . . barbecue! That's just what it was, a barbecue! Man, you should've seen those bums, walkin', away from it as though nothin' had happened, not sayin' a word about it, like they just didn't care . . . talkin' 'bout how nice an' clean the place was, how well lit up the corridor was, 'bout the rough time they were havin' chippin' paint off of some boat . . . That guy should try paintin' this place for me. I'd really appreciate it more than his damn boat would. And ya know, Charlie, there's one thing that really gets me. Not one of them even looked at me when they walked by, like I didn't exist or was dirt or somethin' . . . All but the chaplain . . . Him and another guy were the last to leave the death cell . . . I recognized his voice and sat up . . . He waved at me and smiled . . . What a smile that guy has! Have you ever noticed? . . . Well, after that I went back to my cot and pretended to sleep . . . all the while listenin' to some young reporter quiz the chaplain 'bout his reactions to all the executions he'd witnessed . . . just outside my cell . . .

"Chaplain," said the young reporter, "this is the first time I've seen anything like this. I must confess, it's not what I expected. After all that I've heard and read about these things I expected something quite different. I don't know why I



G. T. Tedeschi '66

should feel this way, I just do. How did you feel about it, I mean, the very first time you saw a man die like that?"

I couldn't see them. They were just around the corner from where I lay. I heard the familiar sound of a match bein' struck, and I could picture the way the chaplain looked, a long, filter-tipped cigarette stickin' out from the corner of his thin-lipped mouth, his hand scratchin' his grey head as he searched his mind for answers to the reporter's questions. He began . . .

"I remember it all, every word that passed between us. He was young and so was I. His name was Alvin Roberts, and the newspapers called him 'The Executioner'. He'd been waiting to die for two years before they told me to go to him . . . lawyers, new trials, the whole pile of red tape had to be gone through before he was executed . . ."

The reporter was tryin' for a story, I could tell, and the chaplain didn't even realize it. That's the chaplain's trouble, he trusts everybody . . . "Continue, please," says the reporter, and so he does! Tellin' all about Alvin Roberts . . . the chaplain just kept ramblin' on 'bout it . . .

"It was pretty hard for me to communicate with a man like Roberts. He'd seen and done things that I barely knew existed . . . but since then I've learned that all these men are alike in one respect. They're all scared; whether they

admit it or not, they're scared . . . of death, and eventually of life itself . . . They reflect the society which has branded them criminals and withdraw into their own nine-by fifteen world . . ."

"Can you tell me anything about Roberts in particular?" the reporter questioned . . ."

"Sure I can", replied the chaplain. "A man just doesn't forget some things . . . Roberts was just like any one of them . . . the assurance that he would have a good meal, clean sheets, cigarettes, or a clean towel every morning seemed more important to him than the mere promise of salvation . . . A man gets hard as stone after a while . . . He wants things he can see and touch."

Charlie, ya know, the chaplain was right. The only reason I go to chapel on Sundays is 'cause it's just another chance for me to get out of this damn cell. I hate this place . . . Sometimes I even think I'd rather be dead than stay here for another minute . . . almost drives me out of my mind . . . But let me get back to my story . . .

"He didn't look at me as we spoke . . . He was bitter and I couldn't blame him . . . I remember how he sat there on his neatly-turned bed, one leg dangling over the edge in rhythmic, pendulum-like strokes. After a while he laid back on the cot, one of his massive arms resting across his forehead, an unlit cigarette in his powerful leathery hand . . . He just looked at the ceiling, staring upward with hopeless intensity . . . Perhaps he imagined them to be long, winding, country roads, taking him to some wonderfully uncomplicated place, where he could be a different person, the sole master of his thoughts and actions . . . I just don't know . . .

"For some time I had been urging him to talk, to speak about anything he wanted, anything at all, anything that was bothering him, about himself, about his past . . . It amazed me how he could negate my every word by an almost negligible shrug of the shoulders. Perhaps he was thinking about his future . . . Nothing, nothing at all, would make him talk . . . I was becoming desperate . . .

"I knew that, as I tried to make him pour out his soul to me, he was beginning to realize that this was not a dream, that he wouldn't awaken and find him-

self outside, uncaged and free, alone in some dingy hotel room. **This** he knew was for real . . . and it frightened him terribly . . .

"I recall how, as I maintained my vigil, the almost hypnotic, mechanical motion of his leg, swinging over the side of the cot, put me into a state of acute remembrance. All that I'd ever seen or heard about him flashed into my mind . . . I couldn't associate the things that had been said about Alvin Roberts with the unhappy man stretched before me . . . Headlines ranged before me with startling clarity. Huge block type appeared before my eyes: ROBERTS CONVICTED, EXECUTIONER SENTENCED TO DEATH. I imagined I could hear a radio announcer, his crackling, condemnatory voice savoring each word: 'One of the country's ten most wanted men . . . Alvin Roberts . . . murder . . . armed robbery . . . incorrigible criminal . . . scheduled to die on midnight, December 24 . . . after many legal delays . . . gangland kingpin'. . . I could hear the incessant droning of the prison's generator, its impersonal, purposeless humming, pouring forth energy to every part of the prison . . . You know, you never saw that generator, and you knew it couldn't possibly see or hear you, but you **knew** it was there, supplying each machine with power, saving each office, room, and cell-block from darkness with its artificial light . . . sending power to both clinic and death-house alike . . ."

The chaplain paused, as though he were tryin' to collect his thoughts, tryin' to remember everything that happened, every word he said . . . the reporter just kept quiet. I was glad . . . I couldn't help feelin' that he was takin' advantage of the chaplain's good nature . . . It must've been hell for an old guy like him to try and remember things that happened such a long time ago . . . and that damn young reporter just urging him on, sorta proddin' him like . . . but he kept on talkin' . . .

"It finally struck me that Roberts had suffered painful mental anguish each day since his sentencing, that the performance in which he was about to play the leading role would be just a tragic anticlimactic formality . . . and that I was doing more than trying to help Roberts that evening in his lonely cell. I was

trying to prove to myself that I wasn't just a symbol, that I could actually be of value to others when they really needed me . . . I knew that if I failed that night, I couldn't continue what would then be a useless charade, a meaningless pantomime of pious nonsense . . .

"It was almost 'time' when I made one last effort to 'make' him save himself, and my belief in myself. Again, he gave no sign of wanting to speak to me . . . I was defeated. As I turned to go, I felt all of the misery of mankind weighing on my shoulders, that I was a helpless sham, that I had wasted my life . . .

"As I reached for the cell door, I looked back, intending to speak a few last words of encouragement. He was sitting up, his face, which had a few moments ago been an insensitive mask of defiance, was buried in his powerful hands. Completely

drained of hope, the whiteness at the tips of his fingers betrayed the tension which had built up inside him, about to burst upon me like a benediction . . . He spoke, in broken, terse fragments . . . 'Chaplain . . . please . . . wait . . .'

Well, Charlie, that was all the chaplain said before they left the cell block. When I looked up to see if they had left, he was standin' there, smilin' at me as though he were apologizin' for wakin' me up. He just waved and walked on by . . . He's a real nice guy. By the way, Charlie, I hear you guards are gettin' a raise this year . . . Do me a favor, will ya? Give my regards to the boys down the corridor . . . and tell the warden my caviar was too cold las' night . . . Hah, hah . . . Be seein' ya Charlie ol' boy . . . Yah, a man gets hard as stone after a while . . .

Sisyphus

*Sisyphus spits upon the rock,
watching the flowing liquid pour
down sides of blackened, scalding stone,
till it ends its journey as formless vapor
where the hill's fiery sand licks his busy feet
with tongues of flame which make him smile with pleasure
as he makes his sweaty, shoving ascent from the depths of hell.*

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

Burdens

*The rock-hard claws of work and time close in;
A man crouches and whimpers under their convulsing shadows.
He is crushed.*

— Paul A. Jarvie '67

*Another man, a foolish man, fights bravely — too bravely,
For he too is crushed.*

*The last man bends and shapes himself to the claws, be-
comes part of them.
He closes his eyes and becomes rock-hard; he claws
at his fellows.
He lives.*

NIGHT MIST

Kenneth Bechis '66

IT WAS NIGHT. The rain, hurled about by the mad, fitful wind, was pouring down in great buckets, turning the air into a roaring, pattering curtain of sound. The street, windows, buildings shimmered and streaked and resounded as the water smashed down against them.

Few people were out walking. It was after two. Some sat in warm bars, or basked in their television's glow; most were asleep.

My loafers threw up great splashes as I waded through the sidewalk-ocean. The red leather was dirty and was rotting at the seams. The stitching was coming loose. Big thing! I would probably have to buy another pair tomorrow. It seemed like someone was pouring an ocean through some giant overhead sieve. Man, was it wet!

A guy in a black, tight raincoat, collar wrapped up around his neck, pushed quickly past me. He kept turning his head around, looking behind him, and, for an instant, looked straight at me — pale blank eyes . . . probably hopes somebody is following him. He was a funny-looking guy — balding . . . big nose . . . baby's forehead. I walked on, my feet slapping out a wierd drum beat on the water surface. A tall, ostrich-looking girl, face scarred by huge, black-rimmed, steamed glasses, stalked purposefully by. I didn't think she was after that guy. But then again, she might have been . . .

I was heading for the Centaur. It was a peculiar kind of coffee house, for in the day it also served watery, strawberry Zarex. Its coffee, by the way, was equally watery, and equally lousy. Anyway, I wasn't going there to eat. I knew it had closed by this time. Eric usually was there after closing time. The owner,

Harry, or Mr. Centaur as some smart-aleck tourist had called him the other day, usually didn't mind letting his friends in after closing. It seemed like he himself was there twenty-four hours a day. I think he slept in the kitchen, or something, if he slept at all.

The entrance, in fact, the whole establishment, was a real cheap-looking hole in the ground. The entire house was underground, and the steps came right out onto the middle of the sidewalk. A sloping, brown, wood-planked roof covered the steps. An out-of-towner or an in-town ignoramus would have thought that it was a disguised subway entrance.

I went down the steep, wet-footprinted steps. The air of the little anteroom, protected from the rain, was heavy with mist. Harry was standing behind the locked, windowed door. I could see him through the finger-printed glass counting the money in the cash register and putting it into rolls and bags. Would you believe he had a \$2.50 cover charge on that place? That's what the little sign outside the door said. The place just wasn't worth it. As I said, it was just a cubical hole in the ground. But that's how he made his dough.

I tapped on the window. Harry came over and unlatched the door.

"Well, hello, sport," I said when I saw his clothes. He was wearing a white button-down shirt with one-inch wide, black stripes, and a pair of faded madras Bermudas. "Eric here?" I tried looking over his shoulder, but the place was dark.

"What, that bum? I got rid of him for good. He comes in with his guitar right in the middle of Judy's song, and starts singing about drafting the President, and sending him to the Viet swamps, and replacing him with Norman Mailer. Then he sits down and proceeds to get intoxicated on espresso. Look, if he's your friend, you can have him . . . but don't have him cluttering up my place."

"What'd you do? Kick him out?"

"Yeah. He said something about walking down to the Charles and feeding the ducks."

"Okay, thanks. But you shouldn't have kicked him out. It's raining hell outside."

"So?" He raised his left eyebrow a little. "Maybe I should have given him an umbrella, huh? Go take a trip to the aforementioned underground place!"

"Right. See you there."

I climbed the slippery steps to the street. It was raining even harder now. There was something inherently asinine about feeding ducks at 2 A.M. in the middle of a rain storm. It sounded exactly like something Eric would do. Besides, smart ducks would probably be asleep now, anyway.

I had been walking for about forty minutes when I finally found him. He was sitting on a bench, somewhat shielded by a tree from the rain's full force. His head was bent forward onto his chest. He was asleep.



I looked out over the River, and saw a thick white mist. It really did look like a solid barrier.

"Hey, come on, wake up!" I pushed him roughly.

"Wha . . . oh it's you, Phil. What's up?" The corners of his mouth turned upward into a slight smile. He pushed the sand out of his eyes with the back of his fist.

"What do you mean, 'What's up?' That's precisely my question. I've been looking all over for you."

"Why? You got a subpoena for me?"

"Look, first of all, let's get the hell out of this hurricane."

Eric stretched, reached for his guitar case, which had been lying unnoticed on

the bench beside him, and stood up. He was over six feet tall, with high, broad shoulders, and orange-red hair. The rain had plastered down his hair, as well as his aggressive little goatee. "Why don't you come on over to my place?" he offered. "It's only a couple of blocks from here."

We began to plod through the down-pour. I had not yet told him my reason for looking for him. You see, I had been writing, and thinking about my novel, and had suddenly drawn a blank. I had sat in front of that typewriter for at least three hours waiting for some idea, some train of thought. But nothing came. It was damn hard trying to get something off your mind if you knew it was there, but didn't know exactly what it was, or how to express it. I figured I needed some outside stimulus to help me write . . . perhaps some different experience or happening which might serve as the nucleus of my next chapter. And of all my friends, Eric alone was also an artist, a creative artist — he was one of those so-called "modern" painters — and for that reason had the best chance of giving me the germ of an idea.

"By the way, Phil, you never told me why you were looking for me." The rain continued its savage attack on the city. Streetlamps overhead threw out weak spheres of light into the dark, noisy air. An auto horn blared insanely in the background for a second, but for the most part all was silent . . . Boston seemed empty of life.

"You've come up against blank points when you've been trying to create something, haven't you? You must have. Well, I'm stuck in one now. By walking around, and by talking with you, I thought I could fill in the empty space with some ideas. You know what I mean?"

"Exactly." Eric already seemed wide awake. "I'm hung up in emptiness now myself. We're almost there . . . I'll show you this painting I'm working on. I had finished about half of it when I suddenly realized that I didn't know what I was doing, or what the painting was about. Right now, it's just lying on the easel in my room, incomplete. I'm almost sick of it staring at me, day and night."

We finally reached his apartment. It was a little one-room pad at the end of the corridor on the third floor of an ob-

scure building. Inside, it looked as though a wild stampede had hit the place and had ripped and scattered around the room all his things — books, sheets of paper, both blank and typewritten, pencils, paint brushes and paint, clothes, and about a hundred paintings of all sizes.

"Well, there it is." He pointed to his most cluttered corner. The canvas was about four feet square. Just the outer edge of the canvas was painted . . . but the colors and the blendings and the patterns seemed complete in themselves, and the total effect was strangely pleasing. The intricate details of form and expression in this six-inch stip around the edge were fantastic. Tiny brush strokes, small spots of unusual color shining out here and there, wild yet not displeasing tonal mixtures — the painting compressed an enormous amount of visual detail into such a small area. And yet the entire center of the picture was completely blank, the original dull cream color of the canvass remaining uncovered. Still, to me, the painting somehow seemed complete.

"What's it called?"

"How the hell should I know?" Eric shouted angrily. "It isn't finished yet, and I don't even know what it means."

"It looks to me like it's finished."

"Well, it isn't. Look, man, any fool can tell there's something missing from that painting. I've got to do something with that lousy square in the center. I can't just leave it the way it is. The whole thing is meaningless."

"Forget it. Maybe you'll come up with an idea later." And, as I said these words, I realized that this is what I should have told myself four or five hours ago, when I had hit my blank point: *Forget it. Maybe you'll come up with an idea later.* I should have hit the sack then. What an idiotic thing I had done, walking around the city all night long. No use beefing about it now.

"You want some coffee?" asked Eric, already heating the water in a pan on his hot plate.

"Yeah, might as well." Outside, the rain kept up an unceasing pounding on the window. I pulled back the window shades and looked out. The street was flooded . . . the gutter water came up to the sidewalk. There was a street lamp just across the street. It stood out as though untouched by the raging sky. Its

light, pouring out brightly in all directions, danced crazily in the turbulent ocean-puddles below. A thick white mist floated down the street, engulfing the street lamp. The mist had not been there when Eric and I had been outside. It seemed like it had followed us from the River. For a moment, I thought I saw across the street that funny-looking guy who kept looking behind him, being pursued by the ostrich-girl. Then, the mist moved a little, and I saw that it was nothing. I let the window-curtain drop back into place.

"The coffee's ready." Eric came over from the hot plate with my cup. "What do you want to do? You want to sit around a while and talk?"

"Yeah, might as well."

Eric got up and turned on his radio to some FM channel. It was just like the Muzak box on office and restaurant walls . . . an endless stream of nice-sounding, pleasant music, the music of our times, music which almost, but never quite, sounded like something important, something written by Beethoven or Brahms or somebody.

I immediately took the offensive.

"So, why did you interrupt the performance at the Centaur?" I asked.

"Oh, you heard. From Harry?"

I nodded.

"Well, that girl was only singing some stupid songs about unrequited love, about kids who leave home at sixteen, marry at seventeen, and are dead at eighteen. Real empty songs. Don't mean much."

"So I suppose what you did means a lot?"

"No . . . but, uh, it had more to do with our current national problems."

"Come off it! You must be kidding! Like running Norman Mailer for President? And since when do you come off knowing more about the Viet Nam situation than, say, Dean Rusk, or even Johnson?"

"Well . . ."

"All right, let's drop it. You said something about real empty songs. It seems to me that this whole world is pretty much empty. Like that music on the radio. Sure, it sounds good . . . it's relaxing. But look how unimpressive and empty it is when compared with, say, Beethoven's Ninth."

"Yeah, you're right. You know what it is, of course? This music today, beat music, jazz, popular, all that, it exists for the moment. Say, a certain jazz number represents what the composer felt about life at 1 A.M., July 10, 1965. But you can't say that with respect to the Ninth Symphony . . . you can't say that it's what Beethoven felt at exactly 3 P.M., April 2, 1820, and only at that time, and never again. The Symphony could never have lasted as long as it has." Eric gazed back into his coffee, at the swirls that swam around indifferently in the black liquid.

"You know, that applies exactly to the world. Everything current in it exists for the moment. And therefore, the world is empty, lacking any substance below the surface of instant news, weather, music, and ideas. There's hardly anything of lasting value being created in the world this instant." I could hear a car splash down the street outside. Its headlights momentarily lit up the window. The rain-drops clinging to the glass glowed in the sudden light.

"But wait! That must apply to every instant the world's been in existence. Even when Beethoven was writing his Ninth Symphony, the world then was probably just as empty and devoid of meaning as it is now."

"I guess so," I agreed. "That doesn't say too much for the world the way man has built it up, does it? But then, when you think about it, it couldn't have been any other way. Man's just like any other animal — he's always concerned with the present. Do you think he tries to give a universal or everlasting meaning to his daily actions? If he did, it would only have been by accident. Tell me, Eric, what message for all time is locked in the fact that you fell asleep on a bench near the Charles River in the middle of a rain storm in the middle of the night?"

"Nothing, of course."

"Of course. And that's why the world exists as a hollow shell . . . full of details and everyday intricacies, but containing nothing in depth, nothing that'll have any

meaning after a single day, or even a couple of hours."

"Wait a minute! That's it! My painting! That's what it is!" Eric jumped up and rushed over to the easel. "Here it is! Look. The intricacies of the everyday world are represented by the colored strip around the edge of the canvas. And the true emptiness of the world is the blank part in the middle. All I've got to do is paint the inside black, showing that it's empty of all colors, all life, all meaning, and it's done. What's a good title?"

"Try **Existence**," I offered.

He thought for a second. "Yeah, that's it. **Existence**."

Eric immediately forgot my presence. He began to blacken the interior of the painting. I left before he had finished.

The rain had stopped when I stepped out onto the sidewalk. The night mist had dissolved into the morning air. Already, the sky was half clear, and dawn was approaching. A light, fresh breeze sprang up, rustling the folds of my trench coat and brushing the back of my neck. The sky was steel blue, and growing lighter all the time.

I looked down and saw that my shoes were a mess. I would probably have to buy another pair tomorrow. A brown, short-haired dog, back from his nightly rounds, gave me a quick, suspicious glance, and hurried past. In the distance, I could see a garbage truck inching down the street, stopping here and there, like a dumb gray insect.

Somehow, though I had not slept that night, I felt wide-awake and ready for anything. I knew that I had escaped from my blank spot, just as I had helped another escape from his. My loafers somehow looked new and well-fitting, though they flapped ridiculously everytime I took a step. So what if man's world is hollow . . . empty? The surface is pretty big . . . big enough for me, or anybody.

I hurried home through the awakening streets. I had something to write. It was day.



How Tobor the Mighty Passed Away

*A thousand little children dash into the tent and scamper for front-row
seats . . .*

*Eagerly expectant . . . beautifully happy . . . wonderment stubbornly placed.
Five-hundred experienced parents straddle into the tent and saunter
To places in the back, the taint of a snicker etched on their lips.*

*Tobor the Mighty tore two telephone books
Into thirty little pieces.*

*Two thousand little eyes popped out of their sockets;
A thousand little mouths dropped half a mile.*

*Tobor the Mighty bent a bar of steel
That was seven inches thick.*

*A thousand little people refused to speak;
A thousand little people thrilled by it all.*

*Tobor the Mighty picked up a barrel of wine
And sent it spiraling thirty-three feet.*

*Two thousand little hands itching to pound;
A thousand little ones not wanting to break the spell.*

*Tobor the Mighty wielded three mighty swords
And then hurled them down his throat.*

*A thousand little minds twirling in awe;
A thousand little hearts having a wonderful time.*

*Tobor the Mighty announced his greatest event:
"Never before attempted by anyone!"*

*A thousand little people tottered on the edge of their seats;
A thousand little people wrapped in a package of suspense.*

*Tobor the Mighty walked up to an elephant
And prepared for the exciting climax.*

*"No good!!"
"Phoney!!"
"You're nothing but a fake!!"
Slashed throughout the tent.*

*A thousand little minds in a flash disturbed!!
A thousand little hearts suddenly frozen!!
Two thousand flashing eyes turned around to see . . .
SOME of their parents . . . experienced . . . smiling . . .
loud . . .
Cupping their hands about their mouths . . . shouting . . .
frenzied . . .*

"Phoney!!!"

"Fraud!!!"

"Fake!!!"

*A thousand little children shocked into disbelief!
Two thousand little lips . . . quivering . . . struggling to
say . . .*

"Tobor!! Tobor!!"

*A thousand pleading faces! Three million drops of
tears!*

*"Children! My children! It isn't true!
Don't listen! Look here! Watch me now!"*

"Phoney!!!"

"Fraud!!!" "Fake!!!"

"HYPOCRITE!!!"

*Tobor the Mighty completed the climax —
The elephant couldn't crush him to death.*

A thousand little faces draped in doubt and disenchantment.

*Tobor the Mighty stood waiting for thunderous applause . . .
"Fraud! Hypocrite!" and the parents were silent . . .*

A minute . . .

Two thousand little hands eked out a bit of gratitude.

*tobor
the
mighty
was
dead.*

— David Bossio '66

Day

*In the morning I awake to a new day.
The world arising with me
Picks up momentum until the pace
Becomes so tempestuous that
The slightest movement causes
Elasticised tensions to snap!*

— Curtis Naihersey '67

THE SOLDIER

Timothy Fish '66

THE SOLDIER had never been on a Swiss train before. It was much smaller than the American trains he had been on. The passengers were mostly American tourists. He overheard a mother say to her children, "Look at the snow. Isn't it pretty?" But the children didn't answer; they were busy reading comic books and looking at the other people on the train. He took out his diary and began to write in it . . .



The sun rested on the peak of a mountain and the sky and the snow were incredibly beautiful. But they had been beautiful the day before, and they would be just as beautiful the next day . . .

The soldier was walking to the railroad station to meet Susan. He knew Susan would be angry if he were late, so he began to run. The streets were icy and he fell down several times on the way, but he reached the station with a minute to spare.

Susan was the last passenger to get off the train. When the soldier saw her he rushed over to her, kissed her very carefully on the mouth and said, "I love you," very woodenly. He watched her expectantly.

"Well," she said in her most demanding tone. "How do I look?"

"Oh! I'm sorry. I forgot. You look . . . you look . . . RAVISHING!"

"You've already used that."

"I'm sorry Susan but there just aren't any more adjectives to describe you."

"Next time bring a dictionary."

The soldier was relieved to have received such a light sentence. "Switzerland is such a rotten place to be stationed in," he said.

"Don't use 'rotten', it's vulgar."

"I'm sorry Susan, but that's just what it is. It's terrible being all alone. Thank goodness you're here."

Susan's attention was diverted toward a bench on the station platform. There was a man sitting on it, deeply engrossed in a book. He was very old and very dirty and very ugly. She stared at him for over a minute . . . "Isn't he awful?"

"Terrible."

"What a disgrace. Letting him dirty up public property."

The old man certainly must have heard their conversation, but he made no move to acknowledge the fact, and the two left without another word.

An hour later, they arrived at a small hotel in Bern. The soldier went in first and asked for a room adjoining his. He wondered if Susan would like it. He could still remember how he felt when he first saw his room. It didn't really look like a Swiss hotel room, and yet there was something very foreign about it. He liked the European smell the room had, and he hoped Susan would too. When he brought her upstairs all she said was, "It'll do. For tonight, anyway."

Later the soldier was in his room watching the mountains turn red with the sunset when Susan came in. He knew she was in the room, but he was reluctant to turn around and face her. He kept his eyes on the crimson snow.

"Hey! Wake up!"

He turned around slowly. "What is it?"

"You're going to the masquerade party tonight, aren't you?" she demanded.

"I guess so. I thought I'd go as an

American Soldier. I already have a costume and everything."

"Oh no. You're going as Uncle Sam."

"Uncle Sam! Where can I find an Uncle Sam costume in Switzerland? Come on Susan, be reasonable!"

"You'll find one."

When Susan left, the snow outside was black.

The soldier had to ask the desk clerk for the number of the costume shop. He gave the number to the operator and waited hopefully. He waited for twenty-five rings; then a voice crackled on the other end.

"Hello."

More crackling.

"HELLO!"

"I am sorry Sir, but we are closed for the day."

"But this is **very** important. I need a costume right away."

"I am sorry . . ."

"There's an extra ten American dollars in it for you."

"Well . . . perhaps. What kind of costume did you have in mind?"

"An American Uncle Sam costume. Do you understand?"

"Ah, yes. I believe we have one. I cannot guarantee the fit, however."

"That's all right." The soldier sighed with relief.

Two hours later, when the soldier entered the ball room, he found Susan surrounded by a small crowd of men. No man could resist her. She was beautiful beyond belief, and everyone knew her family was the richest in New York. The soldier couldn't get near her, so he went over to the punch bowl and waited.

Across the room he saw a very pretty girl dressed in a native Swiss costume. He began to match her beauty against Susan's, and found that the Swiss girl compared very favorably. He wondered why no group of men surrounded her. Then he crossed the room and asked her if she wanted to dance. She accepted.

As they danced, the soldier was astonished to see the old man, whom he and Susan had found at the railroad station, talking to a group of people.

"Who's he?" he asked.

"Who's who?"

"That man over there talking to the people. And where's his costume?"

"Oh him! No one knows his name.

Everyone just thinks he's dressed up as an old man I guess. It doesn't really matter. He sits on the bench at the railroad station and writes poetry."

"Poetry!"

"Yes, he writes very beautiful love sonnets."

"Love sonnets! Him?"

"Oh yes. Would you like to hear some?"

"Very definitely."

"I have some of them in my room.

That is, if you don't mind leaving the party."

"Mind! I'll be more than glad to get out of this red, white and blue suffocation suit."

The girl laughed . . .

The girl's reading was rich and expressive. The soldier was impressed with the magnificence of the Old Man's work.

"I never knew so much could be added to poetry by the reader alone," he said when she was done.

"Thank you. But really the author's voice is far better."

"Impossible!"

They both laughed.

The soldier asked her to explain some points in the poems where the author made allusions to specific locations and landmarks in Switzerland. They discussed the poems for hours and when they were done the girl said, "Now I have a question for you. Who was that woman surrounded by the crowd of men at the party?"

"Oh! That was Susan, my fiancee."

"She's very beautiful. You are very lucky."

He stared into the fire. "That's what everyone says. We were next door neighbors in New York. She was so beautiful and so rich . . . everyone loved her. They would have been fools not to, I suppose. Ever since we were ten years old we used to sit out on the roof of her apartment building every single night, and she talked about when we'd be old enough to get married. Even in the middle of winter she made me get up on that roof and listen to her talk. I never really listened. I looked at Times Square and counted the cars that went by, but I never listened. Then she made up this absurd game. Every time I met her somewhere I was supposed to think up a different adjective

to describe how beautiful she was." He sighed. "We're going to be married as soon as I get out of the service. Tomorrow I go back to the states to begin separation procedures."

"You don't love her, do you?"

"No, I gues not."

"Then why are you going to marry her?"

"Everyone tells me I'd be a fool not to."

When the soldier looked at the Swiss girl, she seemed more attractive than ever. "You're a doll, d'you know that? You're much prettier than Susan is. You're much smarter too, d'you know that? You're right. I don't love Susan. I think I love you. Do you love me?"

The girl thought carefully. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I love you. But no more than I love the Old Man."

At first the soldier was shocked. Then a knowing smile crossed his face and he began to nod his head slowly. "Of course, of course," he said quietly. "Thank you. Thanks a lot."

"Thank you? What do you mean?"

But he was gone out into the snow.

When the soldier walked into the room Susan was staring out of the window. She turned around and confronted him with her arms folded.

"Where have you been all this time?" she demanded coolly.

"I was with a Swiss girl."

"Are you crazy? Do you want a scandal?"

"Honestly Susan, you're the most scandal-conscious girl I've ever seen. I never went near her house!"

"You'd better not have."

"Well, I'm going there right now, so you won't have to worry this time."

"What! Are you crazy! We have to catch a train tomorrow at six o'clock."

"Correction! **You** have to catch a train. I'm staying here."

"You **are** crazy! Wait'll your parents hear about this! They'll disown you!"

"Yes Ma'am," he said sarcastically. "And good-bye."

"You'll lose you're citizenship!"

As the soldier left the hotel room he felt a powerful tension in his body. His heart was pounding wildly and he felt a strong urge to run, or pound his fists against the walls.

The girl was still sitting by the fire where the soldier had left her.

When the soldier came in she said, "I was hoping you'd come back. There's something I have to explain to you."

"Wait! I have something to tell you first. Something you taught me." The soldier took off his coat and started to unbutton his shirt.

"What **are** you doing?"

The soldier didn't answer her. He reached inside his shirt, pulled out his dogtags and jerked them into the fireplace. "Don't try to talk me out of it. I can't go back to America. I just realized what America is. America is a big bunch of Susans. America is rich and beautiful and America takes for granted that all her citizens love her. No one dares not to; no one thinks not to. The European countries are just charming little countries to Americans who never stop to think that maybe those charming little countries are better than their own! If one person in Switzerland can be like you, then this is my country."

"But I'm an American! I was born in Los Angeles, California. I've been in Switzerland for two weeks and next week I'm going back to America.."

The soldier was stunned. He thought for a moment, then said, "How do you know so much about Switzerland if you've been here only two weeks?"

"The Old Man taught me."

He sat down and stared into the fire for several minutes. "Help me get my dogtags out of the fire, please . . ."

The soldier closed his diary and locked it. He got out of his seat and walked to the last car on the train. He stood on the platform and threw the diary into the snow. He watched it disappear from view.

A Moment Forever

*The briny waters reach out for the rocky shore —
Lapping the sand, caressing it with its foamy fingertips;
The crying gulls group high on the ledges . . .
Wrapped in heavy garments, I walk alone,
Contemplating my heart washed out to sea.*

*I look to the horizon, to the dark, dreary distance:
To the unbridged expanse of my destiny —
For, at present, I am no Leander
(They would exclaim: "Look at the fool"),
For the times know no such strength in love.*

*Yet no night is so dark as to keep your image from me —
No night so cold to drive your warmth from my heart . . .
(They would scream: "Forget, forget such nonsense!"),
But our bond is stronger than any made by man;
Ours is a linking of souls in His presence.*

*I thought time would hide the scars,
Would redeem a lost soul . . .
But my mind is no match for my heart —
My arms reach out,
And once more I pursue that moment!*

— John F. Azzone '66

Truth of the Ages

*"How old am I?"
Old enough to plan a dream,
And bold enough to try.*

*"How tall am I?"
Again I issue my retort:
Tall enough to see the future with a cunning eye.*

*"How strong am I?"
Just look at the obstacles I've surmounted,
And not once have I been daunted.*

*"How wise am I?"
Wise enough to know
To this I should issue no reply.*

GENIUS!

by John Philbrook '66

Cast
Ferdinand
Isabella
Columbus
A Herald

TIME: An hour before sunrise, August 3,
1492.

PLACE: Palos, a port in southern Spain.

SCENE: The Palace; bedroom of King
FERDINAND, who is seated in a high-
backed chair, reading, by candlelight.

(Enter ISABELLA, the queen)

ISAB. Why are you up so early, my husband?

FERD. Waiting for that Columbus fellow.

ISAB. Oh, not him again! That man is a pest! What does he want this time?

FERD. He's got a new plan to make us rich.

ISAB. What?! Another one? First, it was that powder that blows up and kills people; then that —

FERD. Yes, yes. But this one seems better. He says he can reach the Orient by an all water route. Just think of it, Isabella!

ISAB. All water route to the Orient? The man's insane! Next thing you know he'll be trying to tell us that the earth is round!

FERD. Now, now. Don't be so hard on the poor man. Maybe it is possible to sail around the land and reach the Orient without falling off the edge of the world. An all water route would be cheaper than the Italians' land route. We could undersell them.

ISAB. If it's so much cheaper — and if it's even possible at all — why didn't his own Italians take him up on the idea in the first place? Why didn't they?

FERD. Well...

ISAB. Because he is out of his ever-loving little —

HERALD. *(entering)* Christopher Columbus!

(Enter COLUMBUS, carrying maps)

COLU. *(bowing)* Good day, your majesties!

FERD. Good day, Columbus.

COLU. A funny thing happened to me on the way here. It seems —

ISAB. Cut the comedy, Columbus. It's the middle of the night. What is it you want

this time? How little will it cost us for what great returns? Unrip your plan.

COLU. As your majesty wishes. I have come to make you rich —

ISAB. We ARE rich!

COLU. Well, richer than you are now. All you need do is finance my little expedition and you will be rich beyond your wildest dreams! I am going to *SAIL* to the Orient by an all water route.

ISAB. God forbid that you should *SAIL* there by an all land route!

COLU. *(unperturbed)* I shall sail west and —

ISAB. Sail west to reach the east! Hmmm . . . bright idea . . . sail west . . . *(Aside to FERDINAND)* Listen to the psychopath!

FERD. But, my dear Columbus, if you sail west you won't reach the Orient; you'll fall off the end of the world!

ISAB. Any fool knows that!

COLU. Ah! But *I* am not *any* fool!

ISAB. I'll buy that.

COLU. By sailing west I *will* reach the east — because **THE WORLD IS ROUND!!!**

ISAB. *(To FERDINAND)* What'd I tell you?

COLU. But the world *IS* round! *(He picks up an orange from a fruit-basket on the table)* It's as round as this orange.

FERD. How do you know, Columbus?

COLU. Because . . . because . . . because . . . I know! That's all!

FERD. Yes, but how do you know? Where's your proof?

COLU. Proof? Oh, proof . . . proof . . . *(He holds up maps)* Right here, your majesty! These maps will show that I am perfectly correct. *(He unrolls one map)* See. Here is the typical, modern

concept of the world — flat as a pancake. (*He unrolls the other map*) Here is my revolutionary new concept of the world — round as a billiard ball. Now do you see?

FERD. Frankly, no.

COLU. Well, look at it logically —

ISAB. Yes! By all means, look at it logically! If the world were round, we would none of us be here; we would slip right off *because* the world is round. But even if we didn't slip off, we would have to spend all of our time holding on to keep from falling off. Holding on all the time, we would not be able to do the farming and therefore eventually die of starvation. You see how silly your plan is, Columbus?

COLU. (*Seeing the light*) Yes. I think you may be right . . . yes you must be right. But I can't back out now. I'm in too deep!

ISAB. In too deep?

COLU. I've already hired three ships in the name of your majesties. I've had them equipped too, shanghaied a crew and everything. I thought that your majesties would back me, so I charged it all to your majesties.

ISAB. You have presumed too much upon our majesties. We are not at this time able to give you assistance.

FERD. Funds are low.

COLU. But, I'll be ruined!!! Look! There, in the harbor! (*They all look out window*) See those lights? They're my three ships: The Nina, The Pinta, and the Santa Isabella.

ISAB. Don't flatter me, Columbus. Santa Maria may look out for you, but not *MY* patron saint! I shall pray towards that intention.

COLU. As you wish, your majesty — but the crews and creditors of those three ships are mean and vicious. If I do not return within an hour, they'll come looking for me and kill me. They'll chop me up into little pieces! They'll put hot coals in my mouth! They'll pour boiling oil down my throat!! They'll cripple me with thumbscrews! They'll pull me out of shape on a rack!!! Oh, please, your majesties!! (*He falls on his knees*) Please save me!!!

ISAB. My dear sir, we cannot be held responsible for the bad company you keep.

FERD. Perhaps, we can think of something to get you out of this mess.

COLU. (*Eagerly*) Yes? Yes?

FERD. Give us time, Columbus. Retire to the corridor and await our decision. (*COLUMBUS starts to leave*) No! Wait! Your crew may find you there. Retire to the Queen's chamber — right through here — and await our decision there.

(*Exit COLUMBUS*)

ISAB. You're not actually going to help him again — are you?

FERD. We've got to do something for the poor fellow. He's very obviously demented.

ISAB. Well, if you must do something, do the humane thing: let them get him.

FERD. Why don't we pay —

ISAB. For his ships? With what — our good looks? Don't be silly. We just got rid of those Moors. *That* cost more than we had. We're in debt because of it.

FERD. But his idea might not be so bad. We could pawn your jewels —

ISAB. My jewels! Never! Let us sell your racing hourses instead. They're worth enough. Surely you don't need all of them.

FERD. Yes I do. They're invaluable. I can't part with one — it's impossible!

ISAB. Then we'll just have to leave him to the mercy of his crew.

FERD. We can't do that; they'll kill him.

ISAB. Well, will you part with your precious horses?

FERD. No . . .

ISAB. Well?

FERD. (*Nobly*) The times call for great human sacrifice — turn him over to his crew.

ISAB. Good. Then we'll be rid of him forever. At last!!

FERD. It's your idea — you can break the news.

ISAB. Gladly.

(*Exit ISABELLA to her chambers; a few moments later a female scream issues from the Queen's chambers; re-enter ISABELLA, screaming and weeping with rage*)

ISAB. Stop him! Stop the thief! He's fled! Columbus has run away with the Queen's jewels! Guards! Guards!! My beautiful jewels!!!

FERD. (*Looking out window*) It's too late! Look — his ships are almost out of the harbor.

ISAB. Well have him followed! I want my

jewels back!! I'll have his head on a plate!!!!
FERD. No one will follow that lunatic.
He'll sail off the end of the world.

ISAB. (*Collapsing into a chair*) With my
jewels!!! Oh, damn that Columbus!!!
Damn, damn, damn, damn, damn . . .

(CURTAIN)

*The fleeting figure turned in the darkness, waved,
and faded off.
I turned and walked away, wishing that I had not
spoken so harshly, argued so grimly.*

*The night took me for one of its own;
Its icy arms welcomed and caressed me.
I wept for her but the night would not give her back.
A flash in the night, the gleam of her eyes. She was
gone.*

Would that I had known her name.

The Search (To —)

Leaving the Nest

*The old cart rumbled to a halt
Near an old black fence.
An old man, hat in hand,
Stood at the fence and gazed in wonderment
At the building inside.
He began to speak; he was not
Self-conscious at speaking to the building.
There was Something here which made
Him feel at home.*

*"How do you do it?
I see them all. When
They come to You
They're raw, young, scared.
When they leave You
They're men,
Polished and finished."*

*They began to come out of the building.
The old man sold some peanuts to the
Little ones, was recognized and smiled at
By the bigger ones.*

*When they had all gone, the old man
Asked his question again.*

"How do you —??"

*He could not ask, for he sensed that
Something was missing! something important
Was missing.
They had all gone.*

*The old man turned his cart around and
Went home.*

— Paul A. Jarvie '67

March 21

*And the rains came . . .
The tears of the world rising to the throats
Of dried-up men —
 wrinkled, prune-people,
Cracked by sun and warmth and love,
Their wounds made deeper by the water
Which now covered their lives
As mud now covers the buried dead.*

*Spring . . .
And the earth bleeds red-brown
Under the sky's acid-attack.
The dull chunks of white-black snow,
Once the ground's hard skin,
Now run as liquid corrosive over flesh . . .
Eating, gorging, cannibal-like.
Flowers rise from the world's scars
To mock in colors the gray sobbing of the earth —
Its shell shed,
It trembles like the cold, shell-shed crab
At the black bottom of the sea.*

All the Clocks Run Slow

*Tick-tock-tick . . .
Death chokes you with bone fingers and
Makes you a senseless, timeless thing.
But Time lives for the living, you say . . .
Yes, but Time is Death's mirror, held up to man:
For he who would kill Time, kills himself.
A little clock beats in each man,
And on each right wrist upperside;
But which does man heed more —
The inside clock, his free will, choice,
Or outside ticker of outer world of others?*

*Time is Death's agent,
Making man ready for the final plunge
By killing him bit by bit —
Slowing the inside clockworks,
And speeding the outer ones . . .
Tightening the main-springs from heart
To outer clock.
Man's compass is the outside ticking . . .
Bonding him on all sides,
While inside-clock just scratches, weakly,
 inside.*

*All you do is imprisoned by ever-closing walls of time;
All you see are turning, pointed number-hands;
All you hear is constant, pendulum-sprung sound.*

*But all the clocks run slow,
And it is later than you think.*

— Kenneth Bechis '66

*You really think He's on your side,
 don't you?
 You really think that phony god of yours
 will help you . . . No . . .
 Because my God is the true God
 and there's only one of Him
 and He's been helping us,
 not you,
 smiling down on us and maybe even saying:
 "Those are my boys down there."
 And He really knows that we,
 not you, are right . . .*

*And anyway, just look at your god!
 Sitting there so calmly,
 dressed in those funny clothes,
 those funny robes and beads,
 with those funny eyes . . .
 his arms and legs
 crossed in a funny sort of way,
 Looking straight ahead, not at you
 but right on by,
 Never reassuring you or anything . . .
 he's just a man-made thing . . .*

*But tomorrow,
 when we meet,
 not even seeing each other,
 just that "knowing" that someone's there,
 Tomorrow,
 When we'll meet beneath His open sky
 and for one last moment
 we'll think and feel and breathe,
 Till we spill our blood on grassy altars
 and He mixes it with rain and sunlight . . .
 and after that . . . after that . . .
 we'll see whose God's the phony . . .*

Graffiti

*Penciled markings on unfeeling scrolls
 whisper softly from their beds of stone;
 witness to the struggle of the night,
 testify to the funereal silence,
 the speechless judge of men and beasts.
 The self betrayal
 of scarred and faceless scribblers
 who make their marks, like birds' feet
 on the barren whiteness of an empty street
 before the dawn and man and snowflake meet.*

*Artless monotone in the confines
 of endless railed confessionals.
 Daring to defy the sorrow of eternal sameness,
 to spit upon the shadow of the spinning void,
 they curse a sun they've never seen
 and deathless words they might have been.
 Until, conscious of a footfall near at hand,
 they cease their discourse with the night
 to await the sound of a lonely train*

in its hopeless contest with moments long since gone.

VERSE BY

Before the Dawn, a Letter

TEDESCHI

*"Ape-neck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe."*

*As he lay in the lengthening shadow of death
He put into words with his final breath
A thought which had evolved from countless scores:
He asked forgiveness . . . to live once more.*

*Thus did he enter the greenest of valleys,
Serene as a star, silent as the moon . . .
For a doomed man's answer comes very soon.*

*For on a day when the sun shone high,
He looked inward, deeply, with searching eyes
For what would be left . . . he knew he must die.*

*The thing he beheld some men call soul.
From that moment on Sweeney paid the toll,
The price that each of us must pay,
To be paid up on Judgment Day.*

*And Rachel would cry upon hearing the news,
And would say when they lay poor Sweeney to rest:
"He was true to the end and one of the best.
When he left he was friends with his fellow man . . .
Without being asked he would offer a hand."*

*As into the valley his footsteps turned,
His heart, overflowing, within him burned,
Bursting with doubts about the place,
And the mocha brown men he might have to face.*

*To this valley men came from far and near,
Free of all things doomed men are wont to fear.
Together, they enter, eyes devouring the place,
Virgin, untouched by the human race . . .
A paragon of sensual peace,
A curse on poor Sweeney, it would never cease.*

*Here the rain falls from cloudless skies,
Pours swiftly downward and purifies,
Flooding the hubbling brooks and fountains
Which dot the sides of the encircling mountains.*

Sweeney's Ashes

*The mountains above the valley below
Stand silent and watchful and all aglow
With the fires that burn far and wide,
The flames which surround their outer sides,
Slanting downward into the fetid hole,
The nameless pit of nameless souls.*

*There, those who've sat on Sweeney's knees
And torn at grapes with murderous paws
Suffer the damning, scalding rains,
Which join with others, and the flaming pitch
To inflict their wicked, benumbing pain.*

*There will come a time in life,
Perhaps of peace, perhaps of strife,
A night still as death and stiller yet,
When the fatal chill is upon the land,
When, in a moment's pause, you will hear,
The rasping voice of the ape-necked man,
Longing for the nightingales song.*

GOOD LUCK

Scott Holmberg '67

"THE GUY over there."

"Yeah, I've heard about him."

A third man finished marking down a score and looked across the dimly lit bowling alley at the person his companions were referring to.

"Is that the one who's supposed to be a jinx? I mean, the way people talk"

"A jinx and an oaf. I used to think they all exaggerated, too. Don't any more, though. I been close to him. Seen it with my own eyes. Every time ya' get near the guy, somethin' happens. It's not really his clumsiness, but this weird kind of thing he has about him. Like, he and I once bowled against this other couple. I don't claim to be no pro, but I never, even as a little kid, bowled so lousy. The ball would keep swervin' into the gutter, or somethin'. Ya' know, like a hex."

"Well, maybe you were having an off day, Joe."

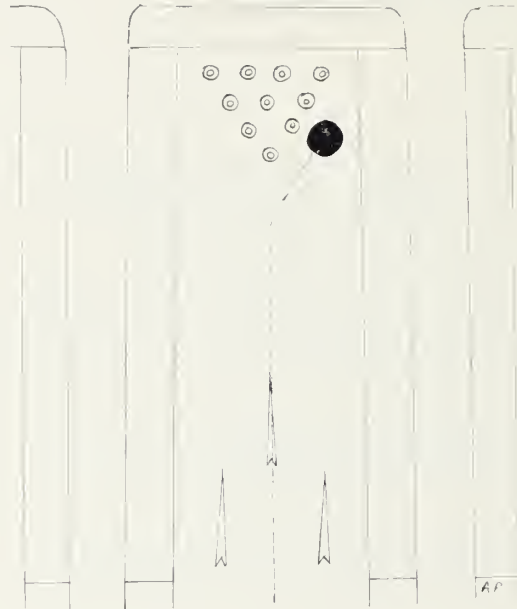
"Oh, no. Not an off day like this. First the automatic pin setter on our alley broke. Then I offered to drive him home, and we almost had three accidents. Even ran out of gas just after I'd dropped him off at his home."

"Superstitious."

"Okay. Don't believe me. Take a look for yourselves. See how ya' feel later."

They peered across the room. It was late and most of the customers had gone, so they had a good view of the jinx. He stood about six feet with gangly limbs that seemed out of proportion with the rest of his body. Thick glasses narrowed two eyes, overhung with shaggy brows. His awkwardly huge hands made an attempt to smooth out his shocky hair as he strolled over to get a ball and prepare for the pitch.

"I've gotta admit he does look kinda goofy."



"Shh. Just watch, huh?"

They saw the ball pitched just left of the center, causing some pins to thud to the side. After the clamor had died out though, most of the pins still remained standing.

"You were privileged tonight, fellas. Usually doesn't even hit 'em. Even that shot he just made, which was pretty good, only knocked down a couple. Somehow even the pins know about him."

The jinx finished the game, and a little later, they saw him put some money in the soda machine. Neither soda came out nor coins returned. The smiling three-some shook their heads as he stumbled out the exit.

Cars still hummed on the busy street outside. He stopped to take a deep breath and caught the faint odor of burning rubber. Then his eyes concentrated on a littered sidewalk, while his feet plodded heavily on the well-known route. A distant, blaring jukebox provided background music for his thoughts — or rather, his self pity and resignation. He was jolted for a moment as he stepped into the gutter. Did he deserve this constant bumbling and rotten luck? He decided to push away all thoughts of his problems;

he knew by bitter experience that all his speculations were useless. The bent, lanky figure trudged on to a charred-looking apartment house. Inside his quarters he tripped over a light cord and sprawled onto the floor before he finally managed to flip on a light switch.

Just another day and just more troubles, he thought. All that was left to make the day complete was to go to bed. He'd have to get up early the next morning, anyway, to clean out the stockroom. However, a telephone ring interrupted his preparations.

"Mr. Harvey Billings?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm Tom Sinkford. You know, coach for the local Little League Team. Just wanted to tell ya' you won our raffle. You know, the one for the radio that you bought a ticket for. Been trying to get you all evening and tell ya' the good news."

"Huh?" He wanted to utter something more but was unable to find the right words. After all, he couldn't have won. There must have been a mistake.

"I'm afraid you have the wrong person, mister." He forced a laugh.

"Well, you are Harvey Billings, aren't you? I've got this ticket and"

So it went for five minutes, until he could almost believe he had won. But still with some feelings of disbelief, the jinx hung up and went to bed.

Ten pins crashed to the floor.

"Nice shot, Harv baby."

It was a nice shot and "Harv baby" stared down the lane. For the past hour, his game had been a series of "nice shots". He just could not do anything wrong. At the end of the evening, he hadn't won, but had certainly bowled his best game. And what was more, he hadn't bowled alone. A few guys had come over from the side, blandly inspected his work for a moment, and then asked him to join the group to make it an even foursome. One of the men whom he had met before and considered aloof turned out to be a nice fellow. After the game, there was a casual reference that perhaps they should meet the next night to bowl some more. The jinx's pleasure was poorly concealed as he departed from his new friends.

"See? I told ya' you were bein' ridicu-

lous, Joe. Now tell me he was all that bad. I mean, he bowled as good as us, even better, and turned out to be real friendly. I just can't see where you and some of the other guys get your silly ideas. So he's ugly. Big deal. Just a little bit of"

"Okay, okay. I get the message. Maybe I was being stupid before, but he just doesn't seem like the same person. I mean, when I knew him before, he used to be real clumsy like. That guy used to trip and stumble everywhere. Didn't tonight, though. Oh well, let's forget it, huh? I guess all the guy needed was a chance."

The next morning, Mr. Harvey Billings entered a drab, corner store to take inventory, and as he left the neat stacks of items at night, he reflected on the unusual surge of customers he had had. There were as many clients as he was accustomed to get on a Saturday. But after all, that still wasn't very much business.

Three days later, however, the "hard luck guy" sat in his small store and appeared to be contemplating a can of peas. Something very peculiar was happening. It wasn't just his new proficiency in bowling, or his 40% increase in business, but a number of other little things. For example, he had lost his predominant habit—the fine art of clumsiness. He couldn't remember tripping once in the last three days. He relaxed his vigil on the pea can and let his eyes rove about the room. Despite peeling paint, poor lighting, and a broken window replaced by cardboard, the crowded store remained neat and clean. He now had a little bit of money. Perhaps he could buy some paint, and better lights, and a new window pane. His ugly face flicked a smile, as he closed up for the night and trudged home.

"Mr. Billings?"

"Yeah."

"This is Tom Sinkford again. Listen, Mr. Billings, I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake, a mixup in tickets"

The raffle. He had forgotten all about it.

By the time he came out of the daze, the coach had rushed his apologies to "I'm real sorry this happened. Can you understand my position though?"

"Yeah, I understand. Sometimes you just can't win 'em all."

He put down the receiver, thought for a moment, and then chuckled quietly. Well, there was bound to be some mar on the lucky streak. True, he had lost a radio. But what was a radio in comparison to his improved business and friendships? He would have something

far more precious than the prize; he would have a normal life. He had learned a lesson in life. Think "loser", you are a loser. Think "winner", and you're a winner. Yes, a positive attitude was what he had needed. He yawned, looked at his battered watch, and decided that it was time to retire. And as he headed for the bedroom, he tripped on the corner of a rug.

Teleology

*mice are nice
for they entice
the cat
who sat
inside
your flat*

Steven
Cushing
'66

Economics

*mice and lice
will not
suffice
to substitute
for meat
and rice*

Remember?

*Remember how it was when
as a child, hardly understanding why,
you went wandering and wondering,
never ceasing to ask questions?*

*And the too-soon-ending walks in the park
by a shimmering pond where a small fish darted;
the summer fragrance that filled your nose;
a rocky wall you were sure you could climb;
the wonder you found in watching a strange insect
alight upon a delicate flower; then for no apparent reason you chased it off?*

*A rather lazy being,
you lay for hours beneath the quiet shade of a large tree,
daydreaming of times you never thought could end;
looking about, you watched with quiet meditation,
the tiny, almost undetectable movements around you:
the long, low whirl of the traveling brook,
the gentle rustle of the tree as a small bird tried
to hide itself from your view.*

*So real. Now, as you remember,
you try to reach out and pull yourself back in,
but find that you are only clutching at the air:
reaching for a dream . . .
Gone.*

Vision of a Day

— J. T. Houston '67

A FORTUNE'S MERIT

David Bossio '66

THE ROAD ahead was dark. They were hardly able to see anything in front of them.

"Charles, can't you see anything?" asked an Obese Gentleman, completely bundled in a costly overcoat, an expensive hat, and valuable gloves. Beneath several layers of chin protruded one of the largest bellies that God had ever seen fit to create. People were sure that he should have been twins. His legs were squatted under overlapping shelves of fleshy flab. The gravel crushed and sank into the soft ground as his feet struggled to move him back and forth along the road. He strained to examine his watch which swam in the softening depth of his meaty wrist.

"No, sir, I can't see a thing," answered a tall, lank, handsome, middle-aged man dressed in a woolen, grey uniform. He was searching for some sign, any sign of life around them.

"Charles, I'm going to be late! I feel it in my bones!"

"Yes, sir, it looks that way."

"I'll probably never get there!"

"Yes, sir."

"Damn you!! Stop agreeing with me!!" The man in uniform chuckled.

"Sir, why don't you let me walk up the road a bit. Perhaps, there's a station or something . . ."

"No, Charles, that's out of the question . . . I'm not about to stay here alone. Who knows what savage beasts might be prowling around here."

"Sir, I doubt . . ."

"No, Charles."

"Maybe if you come with me, sir . . ."

"No! We're liable to miss a passing car or wagon . . . Somebody who can help us. Besides, it could be miles before we reach any station. I just don't feel like walking."

The Flabby Gentleman continued his pacing. His companion continued to look.

Not far from them stood the source of

all their misery. An automobile of monstrous proportions stood glimmering under the clouded half-moon. A short while ago the motorcar had halted suddenly at the forsaken, tree-infested spot which they were now scouring.

"Charles, stop standing there and see if you can fix that heap!"

"But, sir, I've already tried."

"Try again! If I miss this . . . umph! Why should I explain to you! Fix it!"

"Sir . . ."

"Insolence, Charles?"

"No sir," yielded Charles, whose real name was Chester. "I'll try again."

"And you'll keep on trying until I tell you to stop!"

"Yes, sir," grumbled Charles.

Having succeeded in asserting his authority, the Big One allowed a fleshy smile of self-satisfaction to ooze its way upon his lips.

As Charles raised the glittering hood of the limousine, the Heavy Gentleman started in on the delivery of one of his all-too-familiar diatribes.

"You chauffeurs are all alike! You come to us looking for a job and we give you one . . . Out of pity most of the time! Not only do we give you a job but everything else with it! A home! A car! A good salary! In fact, a tremendous salary! Believe me, there are hundreds of people who deserve your advantages more than you do! They'd earn it! What do you do? Just drive me around! As if that were something difficult! And for that you get food, lodging and an enviable salary! You're just like the last four I had! Straight from the gutter! Into the money! And what do I get in return for all this? Deceit! A dreary evening in the middle of nowhere! You and your shortcuts!"

"Sir! Don't you recall? It was Mr. Fawley's idea that we come this way . . . And you agreed! I told you I wasn't familiar with this road!"

"Uh? . . . Fawley? . . . Oh, yes, Fawley!"

When I get back—if I get back—I'm going to withdraw every cent from Fawley's bank!"

Then to the wind this Honorable Personage added: "Damn you, Fawley!"

Charles returned to his duties at the motor. He felt a bubbling resentment was about to erupt.

The sky had grown particularly ominous. The trees were exhibiting barely perceptible sways. The air had become cooler.

"Sir!" shouted Charles. "I think I've got it!"

His Royal Roundness rumbled over, all in a flutter.

"Well, fool, hurry up!"

Charles got into the car, turned the key, pressed the gas pedal, and waited. The vehicle let out short, intermittent, hollow chuggings before it died off again.

"No luck, sir."

"Oh, what an impression I'm going to make with the countess! Late the very first time!" The Rotund One accelerated his pacing.

Charles got out of the limousine and walked up the road. To occupy time he started looking and hoping . . . But he thought it was useless. If only some passerby would . . . What was it to him, though? . . . He couldn't care less whether or not they ever reached the Countess.

He looked up at the sky as several droplets of rain trickled down his face.

"Sir, it's beginning to rain," he said returning to the side of that Gargantuan Person.

"Rain, Mr. Weatherman? That's all I need! Arrive there late and soaking wet!"

"Why don't you get into the car?"

"Don't mention that heap to me! I'd like to smash it into a million little pieces!" He stomped off to the side of the road where he placed himself on the ground, constantly shifting his position in a fidgety manner.

II

Shortly afterwards the Huge One heard the sound of an approaching motor. That Great Gentleman was up in a flash! He rushed over to where Charles lay wide awake.

"Can't you hear it, Charles! A motor!"

"Really?" asked Charles in a somewhat disgruntled tone.

"Well, you don't seem too happy about it! Come on, man!"

"All right," said Charles rising slowly.

The Monstrous One looked after his appearance as Charles listened for the sound of the motor.

For the most part it was quiet around him. The wind howled slightly. Crickets could be heard along with the other denizens of the roadside. Perhaps they were busy preparing for the rain which, having stalled once, threatened to pour down at any unannounced second.

These whisper-soft sounds were soon shattered by the ferocious noise of a bursting motor approaching them. Great blasts could be heard being thrust from a vehicle's exhaust system. It sounded like a volley of cannon shots.

"I bet the countess has sent somebody after me."

"How would she know . . .?"

"Well, Fawley would know! He's there. Yes, she's sent somebody to get me."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," smirked Charles.

"Of course, Charles, you'll have to stay here with the auto. We can't risk leaving it here alone."

"Naturally."

The sound of the motor was coming nearer and nearer. Charles and Mr. Round waited.

Finally, from the shadows on the road before them emerged an antique-looking, smoke-spouting, roar-making jalopy. It crept and crawled towards them.

A very light mist began to fall upon the scene.

"The Countess must have gone bankrupt," smiled Charles.

"Shut up!" spit back his Most Honorable Chubbiness.

Out of the newly-arrived vehicle, which by this time had come to a sputtering stop in front of them, popped the head of a man. It was a hoary head spotlighted by a face of warm expression. He asked in a crackled voice.

"Havin' trouble here, are ya?"

"Aren't you the observant one! Speak to him, Charles!"

Charles, attracted by the warmth and sincerity of the man's question, followed orders.

"Yes, sir, our vehicle has broken down."

"Git iny gas in it?"

"Of course!" interpolated the Stout One.

"Yes, sir, we do," added Charles, trying to assuage the effect of His Greatness' severity.

"Iny flat tires?"

"What stupidity!"

"Well, sir, excuse me . . . But from the looks of ya—dressed there in all that fancy garb an all—I thought that, well, maybe you ain't knowin' what a flat tire looks like."

"The nerve!"

Charles chuckled to himself.

"You folks in a rush?"

"Yes!!! So . . ."

"Yes, sir, we are."

"Well, thin, I'd be glad to stay and help ya fix it if'n I can."

"Thank you, sir."

"Well, come on!! Make it fast!!"

III

The man was tall, thin and crooked. He was dressed in a pair of patched overalls, a worn-out coat and a holey hat. He was obviously a farmer.

"Are you a farmer?" asked the Plump One with a note of condescension.

"Yes, sir, I am," answered the farmer. "I have a small farm about thirty miles back. Nearest place to where we are now . . . Both ways."

"See! I told you, Charles! Thirty miles to civilization! And you wanted to walk!"

"Oh, I wouldn't be advisin' ya to walk thirty miles, friends. It's pretty rough around here . . . Even for me, sometimes . . . On you it would be, well . . ."

The mist began to thicken.

The farmer then glanced at the limousine.

"Wow!" he exclaimed hurrying over to the troublesome vehicle. His eyes sparkled as he eyed the gleaming chrome, the luscious deep color and the spotless white of the tires. He rubbed his hands along the smooth surface and acted like a small child with his first toy.

"Stop pampering the damn thing, will you!" shouted the Oversized One.

Having broken from the spell, the farmer lifted the hood and began searching for the trouble.

"Hey, fella," he motioned towards Charles. "Could ya strike a match and come over here? I need some light."

Charles did.

Under the hood, the farmer sought out trouble while talking to Charles.

"Where you folks off to?"

"Oh, he's off to some countess' for some sort of reception."

"Gosh! A real countess?"

"I doubt it."

Shouted His Most Mighty Blimpness, "Hurry! Hurry!"

The match went out. Charles lit another one. The farmer tapped the motor and ran a check on its parts. He found nothing wrong.

"Whatever it is, it sure is hidden."

"Your boss must be awfully rich, eh?"

"Yes, he's quite wealthy."

"I thought so."

"He talks too loud to be a poor man," resumed the farmer after a minute. "He don't understand the little folk, does he?"

Charles suddenly whipped a glance at the farmer. The farmer looked back but only a second. He returned to his work.

But Charles could not stop looking at the farmer. Why had he asked that question? He looked at the farmer's calloused hands and thought of the Fat One's clean and carefully-manicured hands. He looked at the farmer's wrinkled face and thought of the flawless complexion that the Big One possessed.

The match went out again.

IV

"Damn it!" announced the Massive One. "Rain!"

The rain was gushing down. Puddles formed rapidly in the dirt by the roadside and formed instant mud. Thunder blared and grated. Lightning snapped and split. Within seconds their faces were being bombarded by sharp pellets of rain.

"Did you fix it!" roared the Mountain over the storm and through the solid mist.

"No! I can't find the trouble!" hollered the farmer.

"What am I going to do!"

"Get into the car before we're all drowned!" suggested Charles.

Charles and His Obesity pushed through the storm into the limousine. The farmer struggled into his own vehicle.

Inside the limousine Charles and the Huge One watched as the raindrops dived around them, splattered on the glass and trickled down in front of them.

"I might as well forget about the Countess now."

"Don't worry, she'll have another party."

"Yes, but will she invite me?"

The thunder bashed and banged. The lightning slashed.

Charles turned his head towards his window only to see the farmer banging on the limousine window.

"IF YA STILL WAT TO GO, I'LL DRIVE YA TO THE COUNTESS!" he bellowed.

"So, there you are. He'll drive you there."

"In that jalopy! Don't be absurd! Imagine what she would think of me driving up in that heap!"

"Sir, in this rain, I don't think she'll..."

"But what if it stops? Besides, how am I going to get back?"

"Surely Fawley..."

"Hmmpf... Out of the question!"

The farmer pounded on the window.

"Well!" he stormed. The rain was covering his face.

"Well?"

"I'll go nowhere in that monstrosity!"

"And me?"

"Why, you stay here!"

"Here, eh?"

"Yes, Charles. Here!"

"You flabby fool!!" It was quick and sudden and it stuck the Flabby One like an arrow. "I'm not going to wait! Just who do you think you are!! Sure you've got money! But you're as helpless as a baby!! So what good is it!! You're a hypocrite!! Fatso, you're no good!! So, I'm going now!! I've always wanted to see a countess! YOU stay and mind the precious car!"

"Charles..."

Charles delivered him a powerful smack across the left cheek... "The name's Chester!" and he dashed out of the limousine, slid across the damp road with the farmer and together they climbed into the jalopy. The car burst its way down the road and out of sight.

The thunder bloated and the lightning whipped.

The pin-tipped rain continued to hammer away at the limousine. It sounded as if the beaks of a thousand woodpeckers were trying to peck their way through the steel.

And in the car, surrounded by the unwieldy steel, an usually large gentleman made some stifled attempts at being heard.

"Chester!! Chester!!" shouted the man.

The Sand Castle

*With a fist of sand, I commence
To build my castle and its defense,
Trying,
Digging,
Gath'ring grains, I eagerly lay
The grounds on which my castle will weigh.
Piling,
Changing,
I begin again, with new sight,
Plans of my castle with greater height.
Building,
Molding,
Sweating and tiring in the sun,
I toil till and sigh when it is done.
Crying,
Dying,
I watch, helplessly, the cold wave,
Now giving death to the life I gave.*

*— Peacefully,
Thoughtfully,
Remembering*

— Cornelius W. Doherty '68

THE DEAL

Stephen Cushner '67

RANDY PHILLIPS slammed down his ball-point pen and crumpled up the piece of paper on which he had begun to write his laboratory report for chemistry. How could he possibly concentrate on chemistry at a time like this? He rose slowly from his writing desk and began to pace back and forth in his dormitory room. After a few minutes, he walked over to the window and let his eyes wander over the spacious Ohio State University campus. His gaze skimmed past the physics laboratories, the girls' dormitories, the campus chapel, and the library; finally, his eyes came to rest on the Davidson Memorial Athletic Building. Above the entrance to the building, six or seven students were draping a large banner which read:

GO STATE, BEAT CINCI!!

A faint smile appeared on Randy's face as he thought about the enthusiastic support which the students had given the basketball team all year. There had been standing-room-only crowds of exuberant fans at every home game. Tomorrow night's game, he thought to himself, certainly won't be an exception. On the contrary, with Ohio State, ranked first in the nation, playing host to its arch-rival, the University of Cincinnati, ranked number two in the nation, hundreds of avid Ohio State fans would even have to be turned away.

Randy's smile broadened as he let his mind prey on that phrase: number one in the nation, number one, number one. And to think that he, Randy Phillips, was the leading scorer and captain of a team which was the very best that collegiate basketball had to offer. Randy had been averaging almost thirty points and seventeen rebounds per game; in addition, last week he had preserved Ohio State's number-one ranking by scoring a basket with three seconds left to beat Duke, 91-90. On the basis of these and other achievements, Randy was now being hailed by the country's big newspapers as a shoo-in for the All-American honors.

"Hey, day-dreamer, how are things up there on cloud nine?"

Randy's pleasant train of thought was abruptly broken by the voice of his room-



mate, Dave Mugford, who was lying on his bed at the opposite side of the room.

"Aw, leave me alone," replied Randy in mock anger. "And I'm not day-dreaming. The word is meditating."

"What are you meditating about?" asked Dave with a grin. "You tryin' to figure out how many points you're gonna score tomorrow night?"

"Just mind your own business."

This time Randy's reply was not spoken in jest; a heavy silence came over the room.

"I'm . . . I'm sorry, Dave," began Randy, making an attempt at an apology.

"It's okay, Randy. I never should have made a crack like that, anyway."

"Now, I just lost my head. My temper has been kinda short all week."

"Yeah, I've noticed that. These past few days you've been like a caged animal. You're really worried about the

Cinci game, aren't you."

"Aw, not that much."

"Well, then what's eatin' ya? You have a fight with Sue?"

"No."

"C'mon, man, you can level with old Dave. Tell me what's bothering you. Maybe I can help."

"You can't, but a nice fat roll of green stuff sure could."

"You mean to tell me you've got money problems? Even with that big scholarship you got?"

"Yeah. My kid brother has to have an eye operation. It'll cost my father plenty."

"Gee, that's too bad."

"I wish I could help Dad out. You know, by getting a job or something. But between studying and basketball, I just can't find the time."

"Aw, don't worry about it, Randy. Things will work out fine."

"I hope so Dave."

"Hey!" yelled Dave suddenly, glancing at his wrist-watch. "It's a quarter after three. I've got to fly. I have to be at the rehearsal for the play at three-thirty. I'll see you tonight."

Dave hurriedly slipped on a pair of loafers, gave his hair a few brushes, and within a minute was out the door.

Several minutes later there was a knock at the door. Randy moved hurriedly across the room and opened the door. Standing in the door way was a squat, well-dressed man with an expensive cigar dangling from his mouth.

"Hiya, kid, how are ya?" began the latter. "Just came over to have a little man-to-man talk with ya."

"Uh, won't you . . . please come in?" stammered Randy.

"Real hospitable of ya, kid, real hospitable," opinioned the visitor as he proceeded into the room.

Randy closed the door and walked over to where the stranger was standing.

"How are ya feelin' kid? You guys gonna whip Cinci tomorrow night?"

"I hope so," replied Randy with a faint smile. "Are you a sports writer, Mister, uh . . . What did you say your name was?"

"Just call me Jake, kid. Just call me Jake. Naw, I'm no sports writer. Let's just say I have an interest in tomorrow night's game."

"Oh? Are you an alumnus of State?"

"Aw come off it, kid. Do I look like a college grad? I didn't even graduate from high school, never mind college."

"Well, you don't exactly look like a pauper. What type of business are you in?"

Menacingly, Jake shifted the cigar from one side of his mouth to the other.

"Okay, kid, I'll come right to the point. How would you like to make some dough?"

"Who wouldn't?"

"That's the way I like to hear ya talk."

"What do I have to do?"

"Well, kid, a few of my business associates and I have a bundle bet on Cinci tomorrow night. We thought you might help us win. We'll make it well worth . . ."

"What! Are you crazy, or something?" thundered Randy. "You think I'm gonna blow the game and the national championship just for some crummy bookies? If you gave me a million dollars, I wouldn't . . ."

"Whoa, hold the phone," interrupted Jake. "Who said you have to lose the game?"

"Well, you said you bet on Cinci, didn't you?"

"Yeah, yeah. But we can still win if Cinci loses. Ya see, State is a seven-point favorite in tomorrow night's game. As long as State wins by less than seven, we're in. So ya can still have your championship and make some money, too. Just see that you win by fewer than seven. That way everybody'll be happy, right?"

"Well, uh . . ."

"C'mon, kid, I'll pay ya two grand. Just think of the things ya can buy with all that cabbage."

Randy remained silent.

"Tell ya what I'll do, kid. I'll make it twenty-five hundred. Half now, half after the game. But that's as high as I can go."

Randy now began to wage a battle with his conscience: shaving points wouldn't be fair to the other guys on the team or to the coach, he thought to himself. But we'd still win the game, and that's the important thing. And I sure could use that twenty-five hundred.

"Well, I suppose I could," blurted Randy.

"Fine, kid, fine. I knew you'd see the light. Always glad to do business with a kid who uses his head."

Then Jake proceeded to reach for his bill fold, counted out twelve hundred fifty dollars and handed it to Randy. As he stepped toward the door, he said:

"I'll be back with the other half right after the game."

After Jake had gone, Randy's conscience once again began to haunt him. A feeling of guilt hovered over him. What had he done . . . ?

Once again Randy's thoughts were interrupted, this time by the ringing of the telephone.

"Hello."

"I have a long-distance, person-to-person call for Randy Phillips."

"This is he."

"All right, hold the line."

There was a momentary silence. Then, on the other end of the line, Randy heard his father's voice:

"Son?"

"Yes, Dad. How are you?"

"Fine. But I'm not the big star. How are **you**?"

"Swell." chuckled Randy. "I see you've read the papers."

"Sure have," said Randy's father proudly. "Listen, son, your mother and I are flying in for the game tomorrow night. We wouldn't miss it for the world. I just wanted to call so you'd be expecting us. The plane will land at around four-thirty tomorrow afternoon, so we'll probably come by your room around quarter past five."

"Okay, Dad. See you then."

"Bye, Randy."

"So long, Dad."

Frightful thoughts raced through Randy's mind: Dad sure is excited about this game. What's he going to think if he sees me not hustling tomorrow night? If there's one thing Dad always insisted upon it's one-hundred percent effort at all times. Why did I ever listen to that guy Jake?

True to Randy's expectation, an overflow crowd had turned out for the big game. As he took his warm-up shots, Randy let his eyes wander over the huge, partisan crowd. As Randy's glance passed over them, several friends waved and gave him signs of encouragement. It seemed to Randy that everybody in the building had their eyes on him.

The head referee signalled both coaches to call their teams to the bench

for final instructions. After some thirty seconds, the head referee tooted his whistle for the start of the game. He tossed up the ball between the two centers and the biggest college basketball game of the year was under way.

In the first four minutes of the game, Ohio State jumped off to an 11-6 lead. As the first quarter progressed, Randy noticed that his team was beginning to pull away. At the nine-minute mark of the quarter Ohio State was leading by a score of 25-14. Better try to keep the score down, Randy thought to himself. To the amazement of all the fans, Randy began missing foul shots, jump shots, and even hook shots, which were his specialty. In addition, he was making several bad passes which resulted in State's losing possession of the ball. Nevertheless, as the first half ended, Ohio State was still out in front by a score of 52-45. Despite Randy's poor play in the first half, his fired-up teammates had picked up the slack and had kept the team ahead throughout.

In the dressing room during half-time, several of Randy's teammates came over to him, patted him on the back, and imparted words of encouragement:

"Wait'll you get your shooting eye back, Randy, we'll really kill 'em."

"Don't let it get you down, Randy, you'll score twenty this half."

Randy's ears were deaf, however, to the words of his teammates. He could only think about the deal he had made. What else can I do wrong out there? he thought. I've played a terrible game and we're still up by seven.

Then came the signal for the team to return to the court to start the second half. Coach Elliot gathered his team around him for last-minute instructions:

"Look guys, we're up by seven points. But Cincinnati still has the entire second half to catch us. Let's take only the good shots and watch our passes. We're losing the ball much too often. I have two changes to make, Robinson in for Long and Leone in for Phillips. All right, now let's get out there and show them who's boss."

"Leone in for Phillips!" The words echoed and re-echoed in Randy's mind. Had he heard Coach Elliot correctly? Was he actually being taken out of the game?

Randy broke out in a cold sweat; his

head began to swim. He staggered over to the bench in front of his locker and sat down.

"C'mon, Randy, the second half's about to start," a team-mate called.

"Huh? Oh, I'll be out there in a minute. Tell the coach I broke a sneaker lace."

Randy had not broken his sneaker lace. He merely wanted to be alone for a few minutes; he wanted to organize his thoughts. He had not missed a minute of action in three years of varsity basketball, but now, in the most important game of his life, he had played so poorly that he had to be replaced. Worst of all, he thought, his parents were in the stands. How would his father feel when he saw that his son was not in the line-up for the second half? And his mother? How would she feel if she knew what had taken place the previous afternoon? She would never think that her pride and joy would be so stupid, so idiotic, that he would involve himself with gamblers. How would the other guys on the team feel if they knew? And what if Cincinnati rallied to win? All his team-mates' hard work would have been in vain. And why? Because their foolish, egotistic, money-hungry captain had not been able to resist temptation.

Randy heard the door knob turn. Probably Coach Elliot wondering what's taking me so long, he thought.

The figure which stepped into the room, however, was not that of Coach Elliot. It was Jake. Randy's first impulse was to rush over to the man and hit him with a barrage of punches. He checked himself, however, realizing that such an action would not make things any better. It's not his fault, anyway, Randy thought. The entire mess is all my own fault.

"What the hell are you doing in here, kid? You should be out on the court. The third quarter is almost over, and you guys are leading by thirteen. Get out there and get that lead down if ya know what's good for ya."

"Leave me alone."

"Hey listen kid, stop playing games with me. If I lose that bet, you'll be an awfully sorry boy."

"The deal's off. You can have your twelve hundred fifty dollars back."

"It's too late now, kid," said Jake as he turned to the door. "You made a deal, and you can't change your mind now. At

least you'd better not. If you don't get out there and"

Randy did not hear the last part of this threat, for Jake had stomped out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Approximately a minute later Randy heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Randy? Are you in here?" The voice was Coach Elliot's.

"Yeah, coach."

"What took you so long? Cripes, I was so engrossed in the game that I didn't even notice that you weren't on the bench."

"I . . . I had trouble finding a lace," answered Randy blankly. "What's the score?"

"We're ahead, 74-68."

As he followed his coach back to the bench, Randy noticed that there were only six minutes left in the game. He sat down on the bench next to Coach Elliot. Then, above the noise of the crowd, Randy heard a voice yelling the words:

"Put in Phillips! We want Phillips."

Randy recognized the voice immediately as his father's. An intense feeling of shame came over Randy. How ironic it was that his father was now urging the coach to put Randy back into a game which Randy himself had lost! Randy glanced quickly at the clock. Four and a half minutes.

Randy's pride gnawed at his insides. More than anything else he wanted to get back in the game and show everybody in the building the kind of basketball Randy Phillips could play. A sense of fear and uncertainty, however, haunted him. What would Jake do if he backed down?

Now only three minutes remained in the game; Ohio State was leading 82-76.

Out on the floor, Cincinnati had the ball. One of the Cincinnati guards drove towards the basket and was fouled as he attempted a spinning, underhand lay-up. Despite the foul, the basket was good and the Cincinnati player went to the foul line for one shot. Swish! The three point play cut Ohio State's lead down to three.

From the bench Randy could see Jake sitting almost across from him in the front row. Randy was able to detect a fiendish smile on Jake's pudgy face as the latter slowly exhaled the smoke from his cigar.

"Put in Phillips! What are you waiting

for Elliot?" Once again the voice was that of Randy's father.

Randy fidgeted nervously on the bench. He ran his hand slowly through his blond, close-cropped hair. He looked up at the clock. Two minutes.

"Coach, put me back in," blurted Randy.

"I don't think I should, Randy. You're having a bad night."

"Please, coach, you've got to put me back in. You've got to."

The earnestness in Randy's voice made Coach Elliot grant his plea.

As Randy re-entered the game with a minute and thirty-five seconds remaining, the score was 85-83 in favor of Ohio State. The Ohio State guards brought the ball up the floor. The ball came to Randy. He started to drive toward the basket; suddenly he stopped, jumped, and shot. The crowd held it's breath as the ball arched on it's way.

Swish!!!

Cincinnati came up the floor with the ball as the seconds ticked slowly away. The Cincinnati guards worked the ball into their 6'9" center; as the latter pivoted to shoot, however, Randy tied him for a jump ball. After the jump there was a wild scramble for the ball; then Ohio State forward Ron Robinson came out of a mass of arms and legs, dribbled into the Cincinnati forecourt, and fired a perfect bounce pass to his team-mate Stan Leone, who laid the ball up and in. Now only forty-five seconds remained and Ohio State's six-point lead seemed insurmountable. The Cincinnati club raced hurriedly up the floor, but in it's haste to score a quick basket, one of it's guards was called for a travelling violation. Possession of the ball went over to Ohio State. Coach Elliot immediately called a time-out. With beads of perspiration running down his forehead, he warned his players:

"There are only 35 seconds left, guys, so let's just hold onto the ball and run

out the clock. Don't take any shots and watch your passes."

Back onto the floor went the State team. Randy put the ball into play to Bill Carson. Carson dribbled cleverly for several seconds and when he saw that he was about to be double-teamed, he passed off to Robinson. From Robinson the ball went to Randy, from Randy back to Carson. Twenty seconds left. Now the ball went to Leone, then to Tom Kirby. Fifteen seconds left. The crowd was on it's feet, applauding the marvelous exhibition of freezing the ball, as the helpless Cincinnati players ran pell-mell all over the court trying to gain possession. Ten seconds. Randy now had the ball. Nine seconds. Eight. Randy suddenly whirled toward the basket, drove past a stunned Cincinnati defender and laid the ball up and in for a basket. Cincinnati barely had time to put the ball in play before the buzzer sounded. Ohio State had won by eight: 91-83.

In the Ohio State dressing room after the game, the jubilant players laughed, sang in the shower, poured ginger ale over the coach, and did all the other things that players do to relieve their tensions after an important game.

All of the players, that is, except Randy Phillips. The latter sat in front of his locker staring blankly at the floor. Coach Elliot walked over to Randy and said:

"Great game Randy. You really came through in the clutch."

"Thanks, coach, thanks for giving me the chance. I really appreciate your putting me back into the game."

"Say, Randy, how come you scored that basket in the final few seconds? All we had to do was freeze the ball."

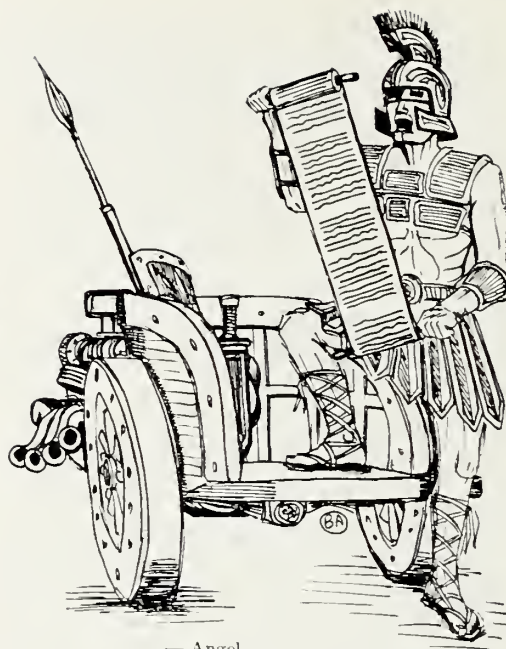
"I guess I just wanted to keep my scoring average up," kidded Randy.

"Boy, the way you drove in with that determined look on your face, it looked as if scoring that basket was a matter of life and death."

Randy simply nodded.



EDITORIALS



QUA VIA, AMERICA?

AMERICA IS rapidly approaching a point in history where it must either strive for heights never reached by any other culture or imitate the decline of countless other civilizations: the Sumerians, the Hittites, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans. We have reached this fork in the road of progress only after certain periods of history integral to our development as a nation. The first Pilgrims and pioneers were intent upon survival and subsequent self-sufficiency. During later "boom" years, our ancestors became involved in the exploitation of the material wealth our land offered, and our affluence promised future growth. Finally, after World War II had seated us as the leaders of the Free World and our bins were overflowing with surplus grain, America was ready to have "dependents", the poverty stricken areas of the world. It should be emphasized that, during this whole period of growth, the American people's primary objective was the attainment of material abundance (i.e., the satisfaction of physical wants). We can see how this development of our country compares to the development of the human being, who passes through stages of dependency, self-sustenance, obtainment of means for future security, the acquirement of dependents, and so forth. And like the individual man, America must be prepared to pass through its next step toward maturity, a cultural and intellectual break-through.

The necessity for this "break-through" is heightened by a number of factors. First, the American people no longer have to struggle to achieve their desires for luxurious living. Our increasingly socialistic government provides for every citizen's basic needs, and other than certain "pockets of poverty", the people of the United States have economic security. There is also the ever-growing threat of automation which is

certain to eliminate most job opportunities and increase the amount of unemployed to over 75% by the end of the century. (Different sources cite other, but equally gloomy, statistics.) With our physical wants satisfied and our means of employment removed, what can we Americans turn to to assuage our human restlessness? Will we fail to establish other goals and follow the example of the Swedish population, which has high suicide rates and illegitimacy problems? Or will our masses of unemployed turn to the development of a high cultural order and become poets, artists, writers, etc. Or will internal corruption be our David, as in the case of Rome?

The answers to such questions remain undetermined, since both the hopes of idealists and the fears of pessimists can be supported by argument. For example, one may point to the deterioration of morals among young people and predict America's ethical degeneration and ensuing downfall. This person may use Rome and Sweden for his reasoning. On the other hand, the optimist can point to the various forms of rebellion on college campuses against conformity, the humanistic tendencies of modern youth (which tendencies, by the way, are off-shoots of economic security) and various forms of restlessness which seem to be indicative of an approaching cultural-intellectual revolution.

Despite disagreement between both sides, one fact remains clear to all. In order for America's youth to meet the challenges of increasing socialism and automation, education must be expanded to enable them to meet the problems implied by an intellectual-cultural renaissance.

It must be admitted that progressive schools that offer creative courses have become increasingly wide-spread, and that during the Kennedy administration there was an encouragement of cultural interests (Robert Frost at the Inauguration), an encouragement that was cut short by the late President's untimely death. Nevertheless, still greater emphasis on individual creativity is needed. America must either develop more philosophers, artists, and other equally aesthetic people, or be prepared to meet the fate of past civilizations.

— Scott Holmberg '67

A BIT OF CHAUVINISM

THERE IS an epidemic in progress all over the world. The disease has many of the symptoms of cancer; it even begins with the same letter. Like cancer, this disease grows rapidly and can break out unexpectedly anywhere. If it is checked, it does not die, but simply moves to another locale. It thrives on procrastination. You can ignore it and refuse to admit that it poses a serious threat, but if you do you will soon be informed by Doctor Kosygin that your days are numbered. Then you will have two alternatives: either commit suicide, or accept the slow, agonizing take-over of your body by the disease.

The United States is in Viet Nam to halt the spread of Communism. We are not there to give the U. S. economy a boost, or to flex our military muscles before the world; we are there for one purpose, to prevent the enslavement of more millions of people. Our commitment is not to the Vietnamese people alone. It is to the entire Free World, and most of all, to ourselves. Surely, Viet Nam seems insignificant because of its remoteness, but it is an integral part of the Communist plan to dominate the earth. Before he died, Communism's Big Brother, Nicolai Lenin, formulated a plan for world domination. Here, summarized and paraphrased by John Stormer, a lecturer on Communism, is Lenin's plan: 'First, we will take Eastern Europe, then the masses of Asia; then we will encircle the United States which will be the last bastion of capitalism. We will not have to attack. It will fall like an overripe fruit into our hands.'

It is getting late. Eastern Europe has been enslaved, and a Communist victory in Viet Nam would herald the end of freedom in all of Southeast Asia. Then, Red China would take advantage of the dispute between India and Pakistan, using the disagreement as an excuse to send Chinese troops into India. Pakistan could then gladly nestle under the protective wing of her Communist ally, and the billions of Asia would be enslaved. Having accomplished the second part of their plan for world domination, Communist leaders could provide the tiny spark necessary to ignite the seething political trouble spots in Latin America. If that happens, it will probably be too late to reverse the flow of Communist sentiment.

Enough pessimistic projection! The problem at hand is to check the advance of Communism quickly and decisively with actions, not words, wherever it erupts. Ideally, of course, negotiation is the humane way to settle all disputes, but it is clear that negotiation has little or no effect upon Communist leaders. Rarely do they honor an agreement when breaking it will advance the Communist cause. This fact was demonstrated many times during the two temporary cease-fires recently observed in Viet Nam. During both the Christmas and New Year moratoria the Viet Cong perpetrated scores of minor skirmishes.

In the **Communist Manifesto**, Karl Marx states, "Communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing political and social order of things." Marx's successors have faithfully adhered to this commitment, and have no qualms whatever about breaking an agreement to do so. Lenin went even further in expressing Communist obstinacy by saying, "As long as capitalism and socialism exist, we can not live in peace; in the end, one or the other will triumph—a funeral dirge will be sung over either the Soviet Republics or over world capitalism." Certainly, considering both Lenin's prediction and Marx's avowed support of all revolutions, one must deduce that talk will have little effect upon the Communist movement. Negotiation should never be abandoned, for it is inexpensive, and as long as there is the slightest possibility of success it is worthwhile. However, we must keep in mind that the order to withdraw Communist troops from the various 'hot-spots' in Asia probably will not come from the conference table.

If the United States packs its bags and moves out of Viet Nam, the Chinese will interpret this action as an invitation to occupy all of Southeast Asia. Certainly, the adage 'give them an inch and they will take a mile' is applicable to the Red Chinese. But suppose we give them a mile; what then?

— James Pickel '66

*He hacked his way, westward, through the bush, with a stone axe.
He knew his axe, but where would it lead him?
Moving westward — then, shortly, the sun set.*

Tools of Fate

*Burning up the road, he sped in his car.
He knew his car, but where would it take him?
Speeding westward — then, not so shortly, the sun set.*

*Swiftly, he streaked across the sky in the ship.
He had some idea of the ship but not where it was leading him.
Westward? Westward! But the sun just stood there, not setting.*

*He glided by unnoticed, with infinite celerity, in that craft.
He had no idea of the craft, and less of where it was taking him.
Westward — but the sun moved back to dawn and set.*

— Cornelius W. Doherty '68

LORDS AND MASTERS

MR. GUY BENINATI, who teaches History in room 114, was born in Boston and now lives in the North End. He attended Boston Latin School, and Boston College, from which he received his B.S. and M.A. degrees.

Mr. Beninati has been a teacher for nine years, having spent all of them in the Boston School System. Before coming to B.L.S. in 1964, he had taught at East Boston High School and at Brighton High School. At Boston Latin, he is currently the chairman of the Data Processing Committee and has a major responsibility in the printing and distribution of the new report cards. Mr. Beninati's interests include travel, and reading in History. Outside of school, he is Chairman of the Mayor's Committee for North End Rehabilitation and Conservation.

Mr. Beninati enjoys teaching U. S. History, and is especially interested in the Stamp Act, the subject of his graduate thesis. He believes that history should be



— Bert Rosengarten

Mr. Beninati

considered as important as English or mathematics. He believes that the study of history in its broadest sense is the study of man and human nature; and it is through this study that one gains a greater understanding of man's achievements and a deeper appreciation of the dignity of man.

Mr. Beninati laconically advises his students: "Persevere."



— Bert Rosengarten

Mr. Salvucci

MR. LEO D. SALVUCCI, who teaches Mathematics in room 335, was born in Boston and was graduated from Brighton High School. He received an A.B. in Mathematics and an M.Ed. from Boston College and has attended summer institutes in Mathematics at Boston College and at Montclair University in New Jersey.

Mr. Salvucci's hobbies include reading and playing a rigorous game of handball. For two evenings each week he teaches math at Northeastern University.

Mr. Salvucci's basic aim in teaching

math is to "try to make math appealing and as clear and simple as possible, although the very nature of the subject makes this difficult."

He also provides us with some words of wisdom about the complexity of getting an education today. "While being educated, the student learns not only math, Latin, and Greek, but more important about life and especially how to face

problems squarely. In addition, the strict study habits that students are forced to assume really pay off later on. Students should not resent the fact that they are now being overworked, for it will prepare them for the discipline of college study."

Mr. Salvucci gives some sound advice to students in general. "Don't be derisive or envious of others, but be satisfied with the best that is in yourself."

ALUMNI SECTION

MY BROTHER AND I

By Howard Lindsay, BLS '07

Howard Lindsay, BLS '07, is a dramatist, actor, stage director and producer. In collaboration with Russel Cronse he has written 15 plays and musical comedies. Among them the following: "Anything Goes" (1934) with Cole Porter; "Life With Father" (1939); "The State of the Union" (1945) Pulitzer Prize; "Call Me Madam" (1950) with Irving Berlin; "The Sound of Music" (1959) with Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II.

WHEN I was a boy my family suffered a small disgrace. My brother, who was only fourteen, ran away from home. He had no reason to, we had a good home; but he had become close friends with a boy much older than himself and they ventured out into the world together. He was gone about a year that first time. After that, he would be home for a few months, then disappear for varying lengths of time, but he never failed to come back.

When he ran away from home he also ran away from school. He never went back to school, although he had not yet finished grammar school.

I was very fond of my brother and found much to admire about him. He

seemed to me an adult and he treated me as one in a way. I still remember the night he took me into Boston and to the Old Howard. It was my first burlesque show. Then we went to a lunch counter where he treated me to my first apple pie a la mode. This idea of combining ice cream with apple pie was a recently invented concoction and became instantly popular.

One thing that puzzled my brother was my choice of The Boston Latin School. What good was the study of Latin, he wanted to know. He really wanted to know. It was incomprehensible to him. I had read or heard someone say that the study of Latin 'trained the mind'. But that seemed too thin and vague an argument to advance to my brother. The matter was never cleared up between us.

It was during one of his appearances at home that my brother fell in love. She was a very pretty girl. They were married and promptly had a baby. There would be no more wandering for my brother. He and his wife lived on a floor of a three-family house near Codman Square in Dorchester. He had a job as a shipping clerk for a candy factory in Boston. Shipping clerks were not highly paid and my brother could barely support his family on his wages. To improve his chances of making money he subscribed to a 'correspondence course' in Transportation Management.

He was sent a large book on this subject, and a weekly letter designating the

pages he was to study and a few simple questions he was to answer. After the many weeks it took him to go from the first page to the last, he received the papers for his final examination; but when he tried to tackle this critical test he faltered and collapsed. He turned to me for help.

Now the answers to all the questions in the examination were there in this large book. It was expected that you looked up the answer of each question before you wrote it down. The problem only was to find the answer, to locate it in the book. I found it very simple. There in the front of the book was the list of chapters—each on a separate and clearly stated subject. Then followed a

list of sub-headings of the points of information related to the subject.

I showed him how easy it was: decide on the subject of the question asked, find the chapter covering this subject, look down the sub-headings for the specific point involved and turn to the page designated. The hours I had spent looking up Latin derivations and Greek roots made this child's play. Yet my brother couldn't do this. He was disorganized, or unorganized. His thinking processes were not correlated. As I watched his struggles, there came back to me the phrase, 'The study of Latin trains the mind.' I thought—now I can explain to him at least one good reason why I am studying Latin, but I didn't think it the proper occasion.

SOME MEDITATIVE REFLECTIONS

by
John J. Wright, '27
Bishop of Pittsburgh

THE Headmaster's invitation to submit some recollections or reflections for The Register turned memory's eye back to the facade of the Latin School and the lines from Cicero graven there to proclaim the relation to life of the studies pursued under the guidance of Alma Mater.

The lines are familiar: **Haec studia adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernocant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.**

Haec studia These are, of course the humanities, the heart of the classical liberal arts approach to learning and to life. I think of my own debt to these for what they have meant in the thirty years of my priesthood, the just short of forty years since I left the Latin School.

. . . . **adulescentiam alunt.** What was the chief ingredient that the Latin School experience contributed to one's adolescent personality? Most of us brought with us from home and grade school such intelligence as we possessed. Religion developed other gifts both of nature and

of grace. Sundry personal and institutional associations added their respective touches. For my own part, I often think the principal gift of Latin School to our youthful growth was on the level of taste. It wasn't so much what the school added to mere knowledge, least of all mere information; it was a refinement and maturing of wisdom—and the Latin word for wisdom, discernment or good sense has the same root as the Latin for taste.

. . . . **senectutem oblectant.** I cannot, without pose, pretend that I qualify as a senior citizen. But I confess that every now and again I find myself looking forward to the delights of old age, especially if these include some leisure for the enjoyment of the treasures securely stored away with the passing years.

Our security-conscious civilization seeks guarantees of security in areas much different from those on which Latin School helped to set my heart; its value judgments concerning treasures are not less different. The contemporary passion is for financial security in old age, plus, perhaps, sound health. But sanity, too, is

a form of security and serenity of spirit is far from the least of securities. Latin School's **studia** laid the foundations of such security and greatly enriched the stores of the spirit which are the enduring delights of age.

... **secundas res ornant.** The happiest moments of my life to date have naturally been the result of my work in the Church. That work has ranged from teaching and spiritual direction to representing my diocese as a bishop in the great Ecumenical Council in Rome during the last five years. To all these joyful tasks, privileged and positive though they are, the disciplines and lessons learned at Latin School have added their adornment; the plain fact is that they provide many of the tools for the job.

... **adversis perflugium ac solacium praebent.** We Americans have no idea what disasters await us as a people. Not a few indications suggest that we may stand up admirably under testing and trial; other factors in our national culture are less reassuring about our stability. I mention this because I once witnessed a symbol, perhaps, of how **haec studia** can and do help a people remain sane under shattering experiences.

Just after World War II I rode from the border along the coast of Italy to Rome. The train crawled painfully by and through bombed out towns and as it did most in the compartment fretted with frustration at the slow speed, impatience with the service, depression over the ruin; they included an American heiress, a British actor and sundry merchants. A dramatic exception to the general mood of exasperation was a scholarly old Italian who was later to confide to me that he lost his post as a professor with the collapse of the regime and everything he owned in a bombardment that wiped out his town. During the journey he was absorbed in the reading of a thumb-worn book; it was Virgil's **Aeneid**. A symbol? An explanation, partial at least? I thought so, especially remembering Virgil's power to accept the "tears of things" and to teach the need for perspective. **Maiora**

his passi sumus Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem!

... **delectant domi.** One thinks of the emptiness of homes, however rich, without ideas, conversation, love and all the things that come from the books, the memories, the taste that **haec studia** nourish.

... **non impediunt foris.** One thinks of the paperback classics sent during World War II as "intellectual care packages" by one university to its alumni at the front; one thinks of the ease with which beloved books can be tucked in the luggage to reduce the burdens of a journey or increase the pleasure of travel.

... **pernoctant nobiscum.** Blessed are the voluntary insomniacs who stay up late hours to prolong the pleasure of reading; blessed (at least more than less gifted victims) are even the involuntary insomnia victims who have habits of study and relaxation in reading upon which to fall back in the long minutes of wakeful quiet hours!

... **peregrinantur.** When Bishop Cheverus came to Boston as a missionary at the beginning of the 19th century, a refugee from revolution and a wanderer on the face of the earth, his books came with him. They were Latin, Greek and Hebrew classics and they eventually became a small but significant part of the nucleus of the library at the Boston Athanaeum, with the Latin School a monument to the way **haec studia** have formed the mind and heart of Boston.

... **rusticantur.** The mastery of the liberal arts produces men who are at home everywhere. These studies "humanize" men who would otherwise be merely citizens, merely workers, even merely barbarians, if the truth be told. They bring to the country and the rural dweller the urbanity of the city. More appositely in our day, they bring to the inhabitant of the brutal, clamorous city something of the quiet and the grace of the Sabine Farm, the intellectual elements of the good life.

Which of her sons is not grateful to the Alma Mater who transmits to us **haec studia**?

Aisner, Sidney A.	1925
Bilodeau, Thomas H. Jr.	1932
Brogna, Vincent R.	1934
Bruen, Gerald E.	1924
Burke, Edmund	1922
Cataldo, Dr. Charles J.	1924
Cloney, William T.	1929
Clough, Sherman M.	1919
Craven, Thomas D.	1913
Desmond, John J.	1905



The Boston Latin School Association

hereby confers upon

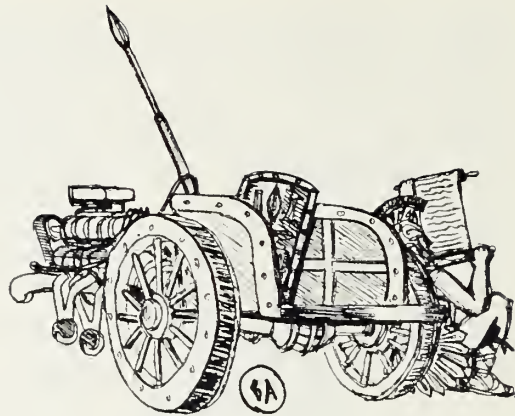
The Distinguished Service Award

*as an expression of its
affection, esteem and gratitude
for meritorious and devoted service
as a member of the*

Standing Committee

Dobbyn, John F. Sr.	1908
Elam, Harry J.	1940
Elsbree, John F.	1928
Gallivan, Rev. A. Paul	1935
Garland, Arthur J.	1932
Gavin, David R.	1933
Gifford, George H.	1909
Gillis, Dr. Frederick J.	1912
Gomperts, Harry G.	1913
Goodwin, George M.	1930
Hartnett, Cmdr. John E.	1925
Iovino, Antonio F.	1922
Johnson, Frank W.	1904
Keefe, J. Edward	1924
Kelly, Paul C.	1943
Kennedy, Christopher F.	1940
Kennedy, Joseph P.	1908
Kopans, Dr. David E.	1930
Littlefield, Frank D.	1903
Looney, Dr. William F. Sr.	1915
Looney, William F. Jr.	1949
Lyne, Austin F.	1944
MacMillan, Donald D.	1920
MaGuire, Richard	1931
Maloney, J. Joseph	1932
Miller, Alan S.	1947
Murphy, Gardner	1906
Murray, Rt. Rev. Edward G.	1921
McMorrow, John P.	1943
O'Connor, Rt. Rev. Harry M.	1914
O'Leary, Wilfred L.	1925
Packard, Prof. Frederick C.	1916
Paget, Paul G.	1941
Paras, James C.	1951
Redgate, Laurence K.	1941
Richard, Howard J.	1931
Rodman, Bertram	1945
Schell, Albert E.	1936
Shubow, Leo Rabbi	1920
Silbert, Coleman	1909
Silverman, Samuel	1911
Spelfogel, Morris R.	1924
Steele, Julian D.	1925
Sullivan, Hon. Frederick R.	1923
Tyler, Roger B.	1913
Vaccaro, John P.	1912
Ward, Albert A. Jr.	1950
Wilson, Robert Gardiner Jr.	1910
Watkins, Robert P.	1955
Williams, Frederic B. Jr.	1925

Something of Interest



On February 2, Edward J. McCormack, former Attorney General of the Commonwealth, addressed the members of the Debating Society in the auditorium. He urged the students to take an active interest in public affairs, telling us that this area would be of great importance to our futures. During the question period, Mr. McCormack, considered a candidate for Governor, stated his views rather clearly on several issues, including taxes (needed), capital punishment (against), and the Kennedy image.

Alan Locke, BLS '54, and currently an education reporter and assistant city editor of the Boston **Herald**, spoke before the Social Science Club on December 20. He discussed the newspaper business and the political situation, making the surprising prediction that President Johnson will not run for reelection in 1968. . . . On February 8, the Boston **Globe** State House reporter, Timothy Leland, addressed the club. He told us of the state's vital need for new taxes and gave his informed opinions of the upcoming campaigns.

Two forums have been presented this year by the Debating Society. The first, presented on November 22 to class I, was on the topic, "Resolved: that President Johnson's policy in Vietnam is impracticable." Speaking in favor were Mitchell Kertzman of Class I and Paul Jarvie and Norman Shore of class II; defending the negative position were Richard Curtis of class I and George Field and Stephen

Trager of class II. After a brief speech by each of the participants, the audience asked many probing questions on various aspects of the subject. The second forum was held on January 10 before class II on the subject of Urban Renewal. In favor were John Gibbons of class I, Lawrence DiCara of class II, and Cornelius Doherty of class III; opposed were Arnett Waters of class II, David Butler of class III, and James Carny of class V.



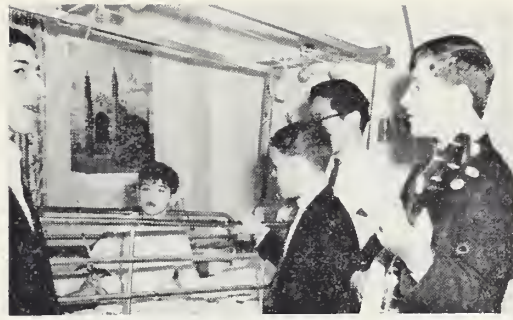
— Bert Rosengarten

Glee Club on Boston Common

Kudos Kolumn. Craig Yorke of class I is a winner in the National Negro Scholarship Program. He has been selected as one of 250 Negro students in the country to receive this scholarship. . . . Bert Rosen-garten of class I and Anthony Buono of class II had their work exhibited at the 1966 Scholastic Art Awards Exhibition sponsored by the Boston **Globe**. . . . Gerald Showstack of class I received an award from the Massachusetts Department of Jewish War Veterans and the National Conference of Christians and Jews for "exemplifying the principles of brotherhood among the students of Boston Latin School".

Kafui Asem, a Boston University student from Ghana, spoke before the Afro-Asian Club. Mr. Asem is President of the African Student Council of Greater Boston. . . . Kenneth Bechis and Craig Yorke of class I attended a press conference for Jean Shephard, the well-known radio talker who is carried in Boston on WNAC. . . . David Bossio of class I was present at the Boston **Globe** High School Editors' Conference at the Sheraton Plaza Hotel on February 3. Joshua Miner, head of the Outward Bound Survival Schools, described his physically demanding summer schools where young men and women are forced to become self-reliant. They climb mountains, eat only the food they gather themselves, and cap the term by going on a three-day solo march. . . . At the Fourth Annual Boston College Model United Nations, our school represented the country of France. Our delegates were John Gibbons, Robert Rosenthal, and Saul Rubin of class I, and Arthur Berzinis, Lawrence DiCara, and Philip O'Connor of class II.

In late December the Key Club held a Christmas party for the patients at the Boston Children's Hospital. After entertaining the sick children and distributing candy and good cheer, the Key Clubbers left for home with a taste of the real Christmas spirit. During February vacation, Key Club members took groups of



— Stephan Showstack

Key Clubbers at Children's Hospital

children from several Roxbury settlement houses to the Winterfest programs.

Spotlight on Clubs: Debating Society. With its goal "to develop ease and skill in public speaking" in its members, the Society has recently been a very active school organization. Members have organized two forums, and have served as timekeepers at the Harvard Debate Tournament. In League debates, the BLS Society holds a record of one win, one tie, and no losses. The members have been addressed by several speakers who instructed the boys in how to perfect their debating technique. Intramural debates, arranged according to each member's forensic ability, provide the experience so necessary to become a good public speaker. The Debating Society hopes to continue to grow while promoting the art of oral communication among the students of the school.

Famous Alumni. Mitchell Ginsberg, '33, went to Tufts and then to Columbia's School of Social Work. Until a short while ago Mr. Ginsberg was Associate Dean at this school. He was a consultant to the Community Action program of the Office of Economic Opportunity and to the Peace Corps. In February he was selected by New York's Mayor John Lindsay for the difficult and challenging job of heading that city's massive Welfare Department.

— Saul Rubin '66



— Angel

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

This year's basketball squad brought Latin to its first Tech Tourney in several years, finishing the season with 9-3 overall, and 7-3 league records. The team won consistently and finished in second place in the Boston City League.

LATIN vs. CHELMSFORD

Chelmsford High was the only non-league opponent with which Latin had to contend. The Purple won both games with Chelmsford by identical scores of 70-65.

In the first game, played at the gym of the Solomon Lewenberg School, Captain Dave Whitley popped in twenty-five points to lead all scorers. Helping him out were Tom Morrissey with seventeen and Dave Bougopoulos with twelve. Latin led all the way but had to stop Chelmsford surge in the game's closing moments to put away the season's first victory. Since Chelmsford had topped Class C last season, the Latin victory provided some indication of things to come.

The second Chelmsford game, played three weeks later at Chelmsford, saw Vin Costello assume his usual position as team high scorer as he poured in twenty-eight points while displaying his prowess from the foul line with a twelve-for-sixteen record. Tom Morrissey once again pro-



— Stephan Showstark

Whitley hits a jumper

vided a strong backup with twenty-four points, hitting especially well from the floor. This game went much the same as the first, with the Purple leading most of the game and preventing Chelmsford from seriously threatening the Latin lead. This victory on Chelmsford's home court was an even better measure of Latin's new found strength.

LATIN vs. B. C. HIGH

Latin started off the new year and the new City League season by trouncing Boston College High 90-81. Although B. C. High was not as strong as in former seasons, the victory gave the Latin team confidence in league competition. Top scorers were Vin Costello with thirty-four, Steve Carey with sixteen, and sixth-man Paul Whitley with fifteen points. Even though three Latin starters had fouled out by the end of the game, Latin never relinquished its lead, playing a tight defense while hitting a high percentage of shots from the floor and from the foul line.

Latin's second encounter with B. C. High proved to be much more difficult. In one of the season's most exciting games, Latin edged out B. C. for a 90-87, double overtime victory. The game was close all the way, with the score tied 36-36 at the half and 74-74 at the end of the regulation thirty-two minutes of play. Latin scored eight points in the first overtime period, but B. C. High did the same. Finally, Latin won in the second overtime period by scoring eight points to B. C. High's five. Vin Costello and Tom Morrissey were high scorers again with thirty-three and thirty-one points respectively.

LATIN vs. TECHNICAL

The Purple snapped a Tech twenty-four game winning streak in the City League by pulling out a thrilling victory at home. This game proved that Latin was one of the league's top teams this season. Vin Costello kept up his scoring streak with twenty-two points, and was helped by Dave Whitley and Tom Morrissey. The game's statistics were equal for both sides except for free throws made. By outscoring Tech at the foul line, 19-14, Latin secured the 61-56 margin of victory. Though the Tech defense was stubborn, Latin's was even tougher, and it was a surprised Technical team which left the court realizing that Latin was indeed a team to fear this year.

In the second game, Tech used its home court advantage well, as the Latin offense just could not stop Tech's Bob Raynor, the City League's high scorer. The Purple did put up an excellent fight, however, but lost this game from the floor, 79-68. Costello and Morrissey were high men

for Latin, while the Whitley's, Dave and Paul, also scored well to keep Latin in the game all the way.



— Alan Kuritsky

Opening tap vs. Tech

LATIN vs. TRADE

Latin sustained its second loss of the season at the hands of Trade by a score of 66-56. The Latin offense, normally dangerous from the floor, had a bad day and missed enough passes and shots to give the game to an undeserving Trade team. Dave Whitley was high man, scoring eighteen of his twenty points in the first half. Vin Costello fouled out and could not help Latin at the end of the game.

The second encounter of the two teams turned out quite differently. The Latin team, realizing that a victory would virtually clinch a Tech Tourney berth, overwhelmed the same Trade team by a score of 87-76. Vin Costello, Dave Whitley, and Paul Whitley combined for sixty-eight points to keep the game out of Trade's reach. The first quarter was rough for Latin, going 26-18 in Trade's favor. In the second period, just when it seemed that the Trade game would be a repetition of the last one, Latin, led by Vin Costello's thirteen point period, outscored Trade 28-12 and never again lost the lead. The win was an especially significant one, for the winner of the game moved into first place in the City League.

LATIN vs. DORCHESTER

Latin had no trouble with perennial last place Dot, beating them easily in both games. The first, played at the Latin gym,

saw Costello, Whitley, and Bougopoulos pace the Latin attack, aided by substitutes John Henry and Ed Murray. The game looked like a runaway in the first period, as Latin outscored Dorchester 20-5. Dot came back, however, and managed to keep fairly even with Latin for the remainder of the game. Final score: 62-47.

The second game against Dot saw much more scoring by both teams, but Latin was just too powerful and made the 80-59 victory look ridiculously easy. Though the offense and defense were not at their best, the Purple still played an outstanding game with Dave Whitley, Vin Costello, and Tom Morrissey once again leading all scorers. Latin once again displayed its ability at foul shooting as the team went twenty-four for thirty-three from the foul line, paced by Vin Costello's ten for ten. This victory qualified Latin for the Tech Tourney, to be held in late February and early March.

LATIN vs. ENGLISH

The most thrilling games of the season were those against English. Latin split the pair of contests with its traditional rival, winning the first game and narrowly losing the second.

The first encounter of the two teams took place at the English High gym. Despite the amazingly poor playing conditions, Latin won 92-87. The game was close, with English enjoying the lead through much of the first half. Latin finally opened up in the third quarter, when, behind sharp shooting by Vin Costello, Dave Whitney, Tom Morrissey and Dave Bougopoulos, they outscored English 26-15 to secure the lead. The key to the Latin victory was strong foul-shooting. Latin hit thirty-four for forty-five from the line with ten for twelve marks by Whitley and Morrissey and ten for thirteen by Costello. These three were also Latin high scorers with twenty-eight, twenty-six, and twenty-four points respectively. Dave Bougopoulos also popped in twelve points to aid the Purple attack.

Latin lost the second game by the heart-

breaking score of 91-90. The first period saw very high scoring as English led 32-26. Both teams settled down in the second quarter, and the half finished 53-44 in favor of English. Latin, however, fired up with the prospect of winning the City Championship, came back in the third quarter and overwhelmed English 28-11 behind the scoring of Dave Whitley and Vin Costello. Latin looked well on its way to victory when English suddenly became hot. With seventeen seconds left in the game, Tom Morrissey, after a key interception by Dave Bougopoulos, put in a basket to put Latin up by one, 90-89. With just five seconds remaining, however, English's Phil Overshown hit a shot from the corner to give English the victory. Vin Costello played a superb game, scoring a season-high forty points. He was helped by Dave Whitley with twenty-two, Tom Morrissey with fourteen, and Steve Carey with twelve. For their performance this season, Vin Costello, Dave Whitley, and Tom Morrissey were named to both the City and the Conference all-star teams. No other Boston school placed as many men on the All-Conference team as did Latin.

In his second year as basketball coach, Mr. Hewes has guided his team into the Tech Tourney. The Latin School team has not been this good in many years, with its starters, Vin Costello, Captain Dave Whitley, Tom Morrissey, Steve Carey, and Dave Bougopoulos among the league's top players. The most frequent substitutes were Paul Whitley and John Henry, with Bob Maibor, Ed Murray, Jim Hurley, Jim Yee, Frank Shay, and Jim Fong also assisting. Thanks to the Victory Club, the student body turned out in large numbers for almost all of the games. The boys in the stands were behind the team all the way, confident from the start of a winning season and a berth in the Tech Tourney. The team more than lived up to the expectations of the rooters. Congratulations to Mr. Hewes and the team for a great year.

HOCKEY

LATIN vs. TECHNICAL

After defeating Dorchester in the opening game by a score of 6-0, Latin came up against last year's co-champs in the city league, Tech. This first game with Tech, a frustrating one, started a trend of bad luck for a hustling Latin team.

The first period was marked by a series of alternating rushes by both teams. Latin controlled the puck in the Tech zone for a short time following the opening face-off but could only muster a few shots on net. Tech, coming quickly back up ice on offense, got off a couple of shots which were easily turned aside by goalie Stu Kadish, aided by Captain Roger Verny and Jay Crowley. The period, highlighted by good defense on the part of both teams, ended with no score.

In the opening moments of the second period, Latin intercepted a pass in the Tech zone. Paul O'Neil rifled a shot at the net which, to the dismay of the large crowd of Latin supporters, hit the post and bounded out. Flaherty, the Tech goalie, cleared the puck to one of his

defensemen who began to charge up ice. Hard-hitting defenseman Jay Crowley broke up the play but was penalized for cross-checking. With a one man advantage Tech kept the puck in the Latin zone and finally scored on the rebound of a shot from the point. Latin fought back but was not able to mount any sustained attack. In the closing minutes of the period, Tech got their second goal on a thirty foot backhander which beat Stu Kadish to the corner. The period thus ended with Latin down by two goals.

Latin came out of the dressing room for the third period all fired up. The first two lines hustled up and down the ice but were unsuccessful in putting any shots by Flaherty. Midway through the period, Tech scored their third and final goal of the game by putting a screen shot by Kadish. From then on Latin could not penetrate Tech's stout defense and, when the final buzzer sounded, Latin was on the short end of a 3-0 score.

LATIN vs. TRADE

The Latin skaters started fast and held off a Trade rally to gain its second victory of the season by the score of 4-2.

In the early moments of the first period, Roger Verny broke away unassisted through Trade's defense and beat the goalie with a driving shot to the lower left corner. The period ended without any further scoring, despite some good opportunities for both Latin lines.

Shortly after the opening face-off of the second period, Jim Curley, collecting passes from John Powers and Paul O'Neil, batted the puck into the net. A few minutes later, Latin had its third goal. Jim Garvin, set up by Jim Riley's perfectly executed "drop pass", sent a screaming backhander into the net. Toward the close of the second period, Trade scored their first goal of the game ending the scoring of that period.

Bill O'Connor finished Latin's scoring at the half-way mark of the final period. Collecting a rebound on a slap shot by Roger Verny, he fired the puck over the prostrate goalie and into the net. The



— Stephan Showstark

Curley collects a pass

hustling Trade team never gave up and, with a few minutes left in the game, scored their second goal. The stout defense of Crowley and Verny along with John Burton, however, prevented any further scoring. Danny Rea came up with a number of excellent saves and played a fine game in the Latin goal.

TIME OUT

Latin captured two of its next four games. After losing to B. C. High 2-1, the "Purple Pucksters" again clobbered Dorchester, this time by a score of 7-0. In their next game Latin bowed to Tech by a score of 2-0. Following the Tech game, Latin edged out Trade 2-0 for its fourth victory of the year against three setbacks.

LATIN vs. B. C. HIGH

A spirited Latin six, out to avenge their earlier season loss to first-place B. C. High, were outscored but not outplayed as they lost their second heartbreaker 2-1. B. C. High, by tallying late in the first period of action, took a one goal lead into the second period.

Much to the dismay of a large Latin crowd, Jack Garrity (known to Latin fans as the official whose calls knocked out the Purple's chances in two state tournaments) took the ice to referee the second period. As expected, he issued his quota of dubious calls. Despite this handicap, Latin for the remainder of the game, played their best hockey of the season. With great forechecking, the "Purple" skaters kept the puck in the B. C. High zone for the entire second period. Latin, however, was held scoreless as the B. C. goalie, in a great defensive effort, turned aside a barrage of shots.

Early in the third period John Powers collected the puck at center ice and broke in alone. With a beautiful fake he drove the puck by the goalie and knotted the score at 1-1. The brutal checking of Jay Crowley and Roger Verny combined with the heads-up plays of sophomore wing Paul McAuliffe to keep the large crowd on its feet. With seconds remaining, B. C. went ahead with the game-winning goal. It was a real tough loss for a high-spirited Latin team.

LATIN vs. ENGLISH

Tied with English in a battle for third place, Latin met their arch-rivals in their first clash and were defeated by the score of 3-0. The victory for English was a definite upset as Latin was "in control" for the major part of the game.

In the first period the crowd was witness to two fluke goals by English. Spearheaded by Curley and Garvin, Latin mounted four serious drives but to no avail.

In the second period Latin stopped the "Blue and Blue" attack except for a breakaway by Hoar, who scored the final goal of the game. O'Neil and Verny sparked several rushes but were thwarted by the great goaltending of Sullivan, last year's All-City netminder.

Frustration marked the third period for Latin as they outshot English 12-1 but could not score. Leading the attackers were Crowley and McAuliffe. Midway through the period Crowley broke in alone but was foiled by a diving save. McAuliffe also got a couple of hard shots but Sullivan again came up with the stops. The final score: English 3 — Latin 0.

LATIN vs. B.C. HIGH

An all-out effort by an inspired Latin team brought Latin School a well deserved victory over previously undefeated B.C. High. The first period see-sawed back and forth, with neither team able to capitalize on their scoring bids. Latin, playing fine defense hockey, were able to stop a number of B.C. rushes. In the middle of the period, B.C. seemingly got their first big break when Jay Crowley, the "Teddy Green" of the City League, injured his knee. John Burton, his replacement, took over and showed himself to be a more than capable defenseman.

In the second period Latin was plagued with a rash of penalties. As soon as Latin became shorthanded, "Buck" Rogers and Paul McAuliffe, the Purple's penalty killers, took the ice. This "dynamic duo" foiled many of the 'Eaglets' scoring attempts. Latin, again at full strength, started to fly. The fast moving line of O'Neil, Riley, and McAuliffe nearly provided Latin with a score but was stopped when a centering pass from behind the

B.C. net was knocked away at the last moment.

A determined Latin six took the ice at the onset of the third period. The first line of Garvin, Powers, and Curley applied the pressure throughout the period with hard-hit shots from both points. Team hustle finally paid off when Latin scored with less than two minutes remaining in the game. Roger Verney, collecting a stray pass, broke in on the B.C. goalie. With a great fake and to the delight of the Latin supporters, he tucked the puck under the sprawling goalie. The final score: Latin 1, B.C. High 0.



— Bert Rosengarten

Captain Verney on the puck

LATIN vs. ENGLISH

In their final game of the year, Latin tied English by the score of 2-2 and captured third place in the City League. The opening period saw Latin press in the English zone. Roger Verney twice

came within inches of goals, as one shot just missed the upper right hand corner of the goal. On his second drive Verney skated up the right side of the rink and let go a shot for the lower left hand corner. The shot got by the goalie but hit the post and stopped right in the crease. Curley, following the play, swung at the puck, but couldn't connect as it was cleared. English, having survived the steady flow of shots, started their charge up ice and scored on a deflected shot that got by Kadish. The period ended with Latin behind by one goal.

In the second period Latin entirely controlled the play. Hustle and determination finally paid off as Riley smashed the puck into the net, after alertly picking up a rebound of a shot by O'Neil. Hungry for another goal, Latin bombarded the "Blue and Blue" goal with shots and rebounds of shots. The shots went over, around, and off the net but not in it. The period ended with the score tied.

Within a minute of the opening of the third period, English scored on a defensive lapse by Latin. The English goal fired up the "Purple" who began to fight back. Midway through the period Garvin, picking up a loose puck went in all alone on Sullivan, the English goalie. In an attempt to fake Sullivan out of the net, Garvin collided with the goalie and both were knocked to the ice. Verney, following the play, collected the puck at the crease and rammed it into the net. This goal ended the scoring for both teams.

Congratulations are extended to the whole team for an all-out effort in this game as well as the other games. Congratulations are also due to Captain Roger Verney, City League "all-star" defenseman and to Jay Crowley, league leader in penalties.

SWIMMING

Although hindered by the loss of four top swimmers to colleges, this year's swimming team has done quite well against all competition and under the guidance

of Coach Powers will undoubtedly place high in the forthcoming Eastern Massachusetts and State Meets.

In the Eastern Mass. League the B.L.S.

swimmers have splashed their way to an 8-1 record, losing only to a strong Wellesley team. They scored victories over Rindge Tech, Brockton, Lexington, Malden, Waltham, Cambridge Latin, Brookline, and Catholic Memorial. Out-of-league meets were swum against Huntington Prep, Moses Brown Prep, Cranston H.S., Leominster H.S., Brown Frosh, MIT Frosh, and Tufts Frosh. These meets gave our swimmers valuable experience in swimming against older and more talented competition.

The most exciting meet thus far has been the one with archrival Catholic Memorial. Many of the swimmers nursing colds throughout the year recovered in time for this one, and Latin was at full strength. Our inspired team led from the first gun and during the course of the meet many school and individual records were changed. The medley relay of Pete Ryan, Pete Fritz, Barry Stevens, and Scotty Guild came close to the school mark of 1:56.0; Timmy O'Leary did his best of the year in the 200 freestyle (2:14.7); Roger Gould did well in the 50 yd. free (25.3); and Mike Donahue did his usual excellent in the diving. School records were set in the backstroke by Ryan (1:06.1), in the butterfly by Stevens (1:07.3), and in the 400 yd. freestyle relay

by Melene, Pickel, Gould, and O'Leary (4:03).



— Kenneth Gloss

O'Leary wins in Freestyle

Other meets in the future are Exeter Academy (Feb. 23) and the Coast Guard Academy Freshman (Feb. 24). Mr. Powers and the entire team are anticipating a good show at the Easterns at Cambridge Latin School (Sat. Feb. 19) and the State Meet at Bridgewater (Sat. Feb. 26.)

The high school league scores were:

Rindge Tech	41	Latin	53
Brockton	46	Latin	49
Waltham	45	Latin	50
Brookline	41	Latin	53
Wellesley	60	Latin	35
Lexington	46	Latin	49
Cambridge Latin	36	Latin	59
Catholic Memorial	39	Latin	56

CHESS

Despite the loss of six players from last year's State Championship team, the Latin School Chess Team is currently leading the G.B.I. Chess League. The team's success is due to the steady playing of the "veterans", L. Chin, D. Chin, Barry Zeeberg, and Captain Dick Penta, and more-than-adequate playing of the "rookies", Fish, Favorito, Dong, Girnius, Pfeil, and Paul Yee. Sophomore Favorito and juniors Dong and Girnius, will return next year to provide the nucleus for another championship team.

The chess team has won eight matches, lost none, and tied two. The wins were scored against Arlington (2), Brookline

(2), English, Tech, Newton South, and Newton North. B.L.S. tied English and Cambridge Latin. The tie with English was caused by "rookie jitters", as the six newcomers forgot how to play chess. The tie with Cambridge Latin was the result of a combination of illness and Chinese New Year. The B.L.S. team had to press three alternates into action, and barely managed to tie an average Cambridge Latin Team.

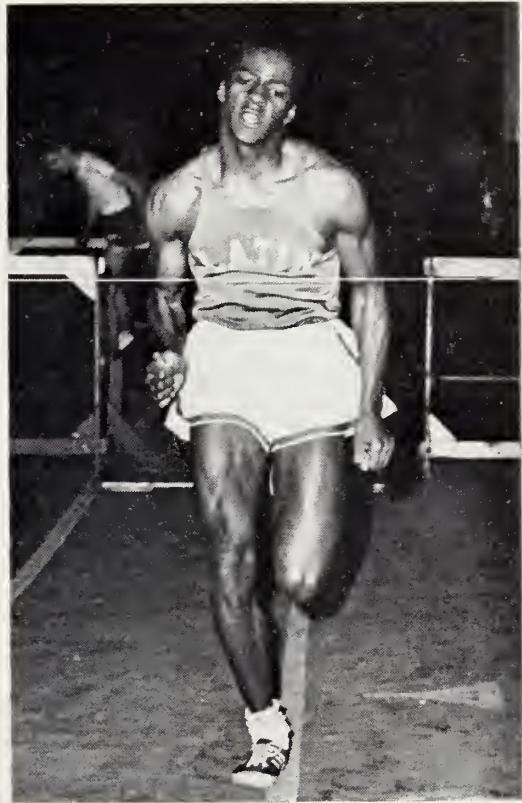
The team has four remaining games: Cambridge Latin, Newton North, Newton South, and Tech. If the chess team wins these four matches, B.L.S. will have checkmated the G.B.I. Championship.

INDOOR TRACK

This year's B.L.S. Indoor Track Team, under Coaches Patten and Fielding and Captains Joe Baugh and Ted Tedeschi, had a very successful season. When one looks at the indoor record and thinks of those returning to run outdoors, the outlook seems bright.

Despite a defeat to a surprisingly strong Tech team, B.L.S. scored an upset when they beat both English and Trade on January 12. With this victory Latin looked ahead to the B.A.A. and State Meets. In the State Meet, Joe Baugh scored a second in the A-hurdles while Steve Duclos scored in the mile. January 18 saw another victory over Trade. On February 3, Latin overpowered English 170-140. Hopes for the City and Regimental Meets were high.

As usual, individual achievements highlighted this year's successes. Until his injury in the B.A.A. Meet, Junior Wally Mayo consistently ran the A-50 in 5.7 or 5.6. Baugh was almost impossible to beat in the high hurdles, while Scottie Guild and Fred Smith paced Class B. The Shot-Put Team, under Coach Fielding and Captain Tedeschi was led by two Petersons, Dave Butler, Robbie Ferris, and John Azzone. Class A was led by Jerry Howland, Pete Judge, Frank Reid, John Powers, Steve Duclos, Bob McNamee, Tom Lowe, and Eric Grey. Class B was paced by Bill Fitzsimmons, Frank Mucci, Rich Brady, Dave Pleau, Dave Neville, and Pat Mingoelli, with Tsoumas, Jameson, Walsh, Hachikian, Snyder, Scarlatos, Oleski, and Cronin aiding the cause. Class C, not



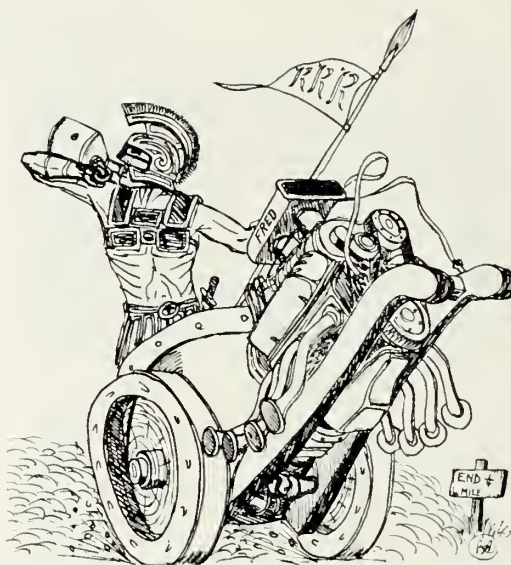
— Alan Kuritsky
Baugh captures first in hurdles

as strong as it had been in the past, was led by Rich Fournier, Pat Groden, Ken Grooms, and George Guilford with Voisin, Lonergan, Roland, Dugan, Mastaby, Costello, and Bauman helping out.

This year has been a great one for sports at Boston Latin. The football team, ranked high in the state, narrowly missed winning a second straight City Championship. The basketball team then continued Latin's winning ways by placing second in the city and by getting into the Tech Tourney. The swimming team placed

second in Eastern Massachusetts while the Track and Hockey teams performed well against stiff competition. Though this past year looks great, the future looks even better, and we hope that the boys of Latin School will continue to excel in the field of sports with the further, complete support of the student body.

The Register's Raving Reporter



Jan. 3: Notice in Bulletin:

Today's meeting of the Clairvoyant Society is called off due to unforeseen circumstances.

Jan. 4: Ye R.R.R. has just finished reading a great book. It's called **The Brothers Karenina**, by Tolstoyevski.

Jan. 5: Overheard on MBTA:

Senior: Hey, who do you think your pushing?

Sixie: I don't know; what's your name?

Jan. 6: Ye R.R.R. saw a man reading in an animal cage today, and asked him why he was doing it. The man said he was reading between the lions, because he found that an occasional paws helped him to remember the mane idea of the tail.

Jan. 7: Overheard:

Wise-Guy: Hey, you've got a hole in your head.

Wiser-Guy: Yeh, but that's beside the point.

Jan. 10: "What do you call a floating barber shop?" "A clipper ship, of course."

Jan. 11: When Robin was in the Little League, they always made him the Bat-boy. Maybe that's why, when he grew up, he became a Hood.

Jan. 12: Overheard in Physics Lav:

Master: Does anyone here have a Dull physics book?

Mock-Student: Aren't they all?

Jan. 13: After careful study, Ye R.R.R. has decided that the solution to the air pollution problem is the same as that to the smoking problem. Just don't inhale.

Jan. 14: Sixie joke of the day:

Sixie No. 1: Where do sheep go for a haircut?

Sixie No. 2: To the baa-baa shop?

Jan. 18: Overheard in one of the Music Rooms:

First Musician: What did the fiddler call the bad hotel?

Second Magician: A vile-inn?

Jan. 19: Overheard:

Nero: Do you have a match?

Caesar's ghost: No, not since Superman.

Jan. 20: Ye R.R.R. is not crazy. He's the sane as everybody else.

Jan. 21: Notice in Bulletin:

The Bowling Club is looking for members. Pinheads are preferred, with striking personalities and time to spare.

Jan. 24: Once there was a tree surgeon who opened a **branch** office and made his son chairman of the **board**. The boy soon began to **pine** for home and decided to **leave**, because the evergreens were **needling** him and he felt like a **sap** (get the **pitch?**). He was put into a hospital for **treetment** and now he feels oak-a. (For that Ye R.R.R. feels he should take a bough.)

Jan. 25: Overheard in 115:

Master: What do we mean by "stable currency?"

Student: Horse money?

Jan. 26: Unless a house is kept up on current events it is not an ohm. Wire is that so shocking?

Jan. 27: Acrophobic's definition of "terra firma":

"The firma the ground, the lesser the terra."

Jan. 28: Overheard in a nearby saloon: Drunk-hard: Hey, bartender, gimme a martinus.

Bartender: Don't you mean a martini?

D.H.: Look, if I had wanted two, I would have asked for them.

Jan. 31: When Harper Lee, the author of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, was born, there was some dispute, whether to call her Harper or Jennifer. She was finally christened Harper, however, and lived Harper Lee ever after.

Feb. 1: A modern painting in the Museum of Fine Arts depicts a seagull perched on a bouy marker. It's caption is "Bouy Gets Gull." (That sorta took a tern for the worse.)

Feb. 3: Notice in Bulletin:

There will be a meeting of the Golf Club in Rm. 128 today at 2:10 P.M. There will also be a meeting of the Tennis Racket and the Baseball Bat.

Feb. 4: Overheard:

Student: Sir, may I take off my jacket?

Master: No, you might get caught in a draft.

Student: That's one thing I don't intend to get caught in.

Feb. 7: Do you realize that if the national bird should ever get sick, it would be illegale?!!

Feb. 8: From 334:

Faster than a speeding computer . . . more powerful than the binomial theorem . . . able to leap tall expansions at a single bound . . .

Look! up in your tables! It's a sine . . . it's a square root . . . It's Superfunction!!

Yes, it's Superfunction, strange transcendental equation from another table, who came to earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of normal logs.

Superfunction . . . who can bend minds in a single application . . . change the course of mighty differential equations

. . . and who — disguised as a mild-mannered exponent — fights a never-ending battle for confusion, insanity, and the Branca way!

Feb. 10: Overheard in Gym Locker Room: Nosey: Hey have you taken a shower recently?

All-Wet: Why, is there one missing?

Feb. 11: Ye R.R.R. left his leopard skin at the cleaners. It had a spot on it.

Feb. 14: Is "fire plug" one word or is there a hydrant in the middle?

Feb. 15: Ye R.R.R. recently purchased two small boats for a paltry sum. Looking sternly at the smaller boat, he said, "I knew there was a ketch in it."

(For this he naturally took a bow.)

Feb. 17: Overheard in 117 (naturally):

Master: Do you know who the "Southern planters" were?

Student One: Peanut salesmen?

Student Lost: That was a salty joke.

Master: It should have been canned.

Feb. 18: The Greeks at Ilium had a motto: "If at first you don't succeed, Troy, Troy again."

Feb. 28: Ye R.R.R. also has a motto:

"Semper ubi, sub ubi."

(Always where under where)

March 1: Ye R.R.R. defines a surfing bum as a son of a beach.

March 3: Overheard:

Sixie First: Do you know what Santa's helpers are called?

Sixie Second: Sure, subordinate Clauses.

March 4: For those of you who are "in," today is Exelauno Day.

March 7: Ye R.R.R. took a train home today, but his mother made him give it back.

March 9: One night, Dracula walked into a bar and ordered a Bloody Mary and a bier to go. He had a friend who was coffin and it sounded grave, so they consulted a doctor with ghost-to-ghost fame, who advised him to take some spirits. But both he and his wife died anyway, and they had twin grave-stones marked his and hearse.

March 10: The Guidance Department just received a catalog from Disco Tech, a small conservatory outside of Mexico.

March 11: Overheard in 220:

"What did they say when T. S. Eliot died?"

"'T. S., Eliot.' "

March 14: The MBTA has just begun a

new window-cleaning program, with the slogan: "Take T and see."

March 15: The reason that they were called the Dark Ages is that there were so many knights. (That was when the nobles spent most of their time out serfing.).

March 16: Ye R.R.R. has just started reading one of those modern fairy tales. It began, "Long, long, ago-go . . ."

March 18: Successful overweight businessmen usually act on their haunches.

March 21: Overheard at Chess Club meeting:

Knight: When in doubt, advance a pun.

Rook: Upun what?

March 22: There was once a fish who got his clothes from Brookes Brothers. Of course, they were made to scale.

March 23: That's almost as bad as the hen who got her clothes from Peck and Peck.

March 24: The Afro-Asian Club recently

announced that it was working on a cure for Asian flu. But so far, in their laboratory, they have only been able to test it on Eastern cultures.

March 25: News broadcast:

Lord Richard Tyme has failed to complete his swim across the English Channel, but he has announced that he intends to try again tomorrow. Please tune in again: same Tyme, same Channel.

March 28: Overheard:

I: What was Joan of Arc made of?

II: Of Orleans, of course.

March 29: Secret agent James Punned killed an Oriental criminal in Hong Kong last week. The man was listed as having met with a fatal occident.

March 30: We sure have to give Coulomb **credit** for his **account** of **charge**.

March 31: No matter where he may be, Ye R.R.R. never gets lost. People keep telling him where to go.

*Ten foot long lamps shine down upon the wood below,
Adorned with slips, books, bags, papers, and pens;
Bewildered minds grope for a ray of light
While searching the words in a line.
They then glance about as if they did not know
The Hall.*

*Marble statues situated stately on high pillars
Look down upon the placid students;
The woman reading a certain selection, the man
Sleeping soundly atop the table; and books stating:
"The scoundrel dies and the hero survives!"*

I read peacefully.

*The concave ceiling decorated intricately with floral-like designs
Made of stone, which lead down to the bright gold letters:
The Great Men who dedicated themselves to literature,
Beneath are the windows (with God smiling through),
And then the knowledge which stretches in never-ending lines
On the shelves.*

*I am absorbed in my own advancement.
I notice nothing.*

Looking About

— Curtis Naihersey '67

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